

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Archives

Vol. 20, No. 7

{ Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors
Office: 26 Adelaide Street West }

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 22, 1906

TERMS: { Single Copies, 50c.
Per Annum [in advance], 52c.

Whole No. 995

• THE FRONT PAGE •

THE banquet tendered to Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann by the Toronto Board of Trade last week marked a notable accomplishment in railroading. These two men have pretty nearly created, by construction or purchase, a second Canadian railway across the continent. As one of the speakers expressed it, they have but to link up a few gaps and the trick is done—although it must be confessed that the gap between the point beyond Edmonton, to which the line now extends, and the Pacific, is a considerable one. Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann are not seasoned speechmakers. They can talk well enough to a board meeting or to a parliamentary committee, but they both confessed that they were much embarrassed in attempting to address a large public banquet. To cheer up other and lesser men who are seized with panic when attempting to make speeches in public, it may be said of Mr. Mackenzie especially, that at the outset he had a bad attack of stage fright and confided much of his speech to those sitting within a few feet of him. He was out of his element. "This," he said, "is different from railroading." Speechmaking is different from railroading, yet it is like it, too, for it is easy enough when you have mastered the trick of it. The business men of Toronto who sat at the tables thought none the less of the two railway builders because of their lack of proficiency as spell-binders—they leaned forward, and listened indulgently if in vain, confident that the ubiquitous press would be near enough the spot to hear, record and publish what was said. But all present heard the speech of Mr. Z. A. Lash, counsel for the Canadian Northern. If the two railway builders were not in their element, Mr. Lash was. Words are his materials. He read a carefully reasoned argument in favor of his clients. He met the charge that Mackenzie and Mann had been "feeders at the public trough" with a full statement of all the money they had paid out and all the aid they had received by way of public grants of either land or money. Ten years ago these two men controlled just 125 miles of railway; to-day they own nearly 4,000 miles, which, since that time they have either built or purchased. For ten years their system has grown at the rate of more than one mile per day. They never have been granted one acre of land by any Government. Such lands as they have acquired they secured by purchasing franchises granted to other companies—franchises with which nothing was being done until Mackenzie and Mann came along and took them over. These two men had spent about \$70,000,000, yet the cash subsidies they had received amounted to only \$3,644,000. True, their bonds had been guaranteed by Government, but this would cost the country nothing, as the interest would be met and the bonds paid as they mature. Not only so, but Mackenzie and Mann have given their work for nothing during these ten years; have paid their own travelling expenses, and have put millions of their own money into the railway. Mr. Z. A. Lash, counsel for the accused, rather overwhelsms the public with his assertions.

No doubt Mackenzie and Mann got little from the nation compared with what the C.P.R. got, yet they certainly did not have something like \$70,000,000 of their own money to invest in railway building. The public credit was behind them; the guaranteeing of their bonds was an aid more potent than large subsidies; and as to lands, they have received 2,200,000 acres, not by direct subsidy to themselves, but by taking over other men's franchises that carried these grants and earning these lands by building the lines other men had contracted to build. Mackenzie and Mann have shown splendid energy, they deserve great credit, but the people at large will admire them enough without Mr. Lash fastening wings on their shoulders. All will admit that they have been extremely able business men, and in building their seventy million dollar road they have never received from any Government a dollar of subsidy or an acre of land that they couldn't get. They got what they could, and what they couldn't get they managed without. This is what makes their performance notable—they never sat down and quit.

One reason why these two men purchased other men's franchises was because these other franchises had been granted in bad times and were much more favorable than could be secured by themselves in good times. They had no repugnance—have none now—to accepting land grants, as may presently develop. Mackenzie and Mann are a fine team of nation builders, and they appeared on the scene at the critical moment. It was ten years ago, in 1896, that they actively began the big railway enterprise that has now been crowned with success by the Board of Trade banquet. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was another lucky man who "arrived" at the same lucky moment. A period of good times began in that year, and nobody need deny that Sir Wilfrid contributed to prosperity by many actions of his Government. So, too, by their enterprise, did Mackenzie and Mann contribute to that era of prosperity which alone made their big undertaking a possibility. They measured the times, gauged the possibilities of the situation—measured and gauged pretty fine, sometimes, but on the whole correctly, and have pulled through with success. Men with less nerve could not have won; men of less courage, would not have begun their task; men with less luck would not have had ten such prosperous years in which to turn their trick.

It is something for two men to stand up and state that for ten years they have been erecting a railway system at the rate of one mile per day; that they have established 132 new towns in regions that had been uninhabited at their approach; that they have contributed a great deal to a movement of population that in the past year has homesteaded eight million acres of land. Mackenzie and Mann have done a big thing. They will rank high among the material makers of Canada. They have done much to develop the country. More that that, they have taught us some things. We are a shrewder people from having had them in our midst.

READERS of this paper have been interested in the case of Dr. Crichton of Castleton, who was prosecuted by the Medical Council, because he owned a proprietary medicine, concealed its formula, and advertised

it by circular. His rulers got after him on the charge that he advertised; they found him guilty of fraud, asserting that his medicine would not do what he said it would, and ordered his name struck from the rolls. Perhaps their reason for not convicting him of "advertising" was that the rulers of this close corporation were not quite prepared to have their powers, and the use they make of them, discussed in the Legislature. At any rate the case aroused so much attention that the Medical Council turned over in mid-air, and, after having accused Crichton of the crime of advertising, convicted him of the crime of fraud, and ordered his name struck from the list of those lawfully qualified to practice medicine in Ontario. He appealed. The case has been heard by Justices Falconbridge, Mabee and Magee, and their decision is that no fraud was proven against him and that his name is not to be removed from the roll. But the law is a wonderful thing, and the three judges who have decided that Dr. Crichton has not been shown to have been guilty of anything, order him to pay his own costs. He is ordered to pay his own costs in connection with two trials in which his prosecutors were both accusers and judges—in which he was accused of one offence, convicted of another without evidence, treated with an unfairness in the matter of

city to maintain peace on the streets and to protect those who want to see a play from disturbance at the hands of those who do not want to see it. The incident in Philadelphia means that the law yields to uproar. Had Mayor Weaver closed the theatre in response to orderly representations made to him to the effect that the play was calculated to make bad blood between white and colored citizens, his action might have been considered a wise one. But he ignored orderly representations, and then yielded to the pressure of unlawful violence. The crowd thus learned what power there is in clamor and riot.

Naturally, the colored people dislike "The Clansman," for it glorifies the Ku Klux organization, which, after the Civil War, terrorized the blacks throughout the South. I have read the book and found it one to make your hair stand on end. It can be readily understood that this book, or the story of it dramatized, might do much to inflame hatred of the negro in white communities where already lynchings and burnings at the stake occasionally occur. The book has had a tremendous sale in the South, and the reading of it will feed the fury of those who set the torch to the criminal negro. The climax of the story is just such a crime as those which mobs down South so terribly avenge, and it is impossible to read the book

knows whether on that morning he will slide off an iron cot and find himself arrayed in stripes, or hop out of a gorgeous bed and see himself splendid in pink silk pyjamas, and his table piled high with scented invitations to breakfast. As a precaution it is just as well to have a friendly hand ladling gruel at the jail.

WHAT'S this! Twenty-two Chinamen who landed in England on their way to Liverpool where they had been engaged to work in laundries, were held up on technical grounds, and were not allowed to proceed until their right to do so had been investigated. Can it be that even in England there is a prejudice against the cheap Oriental labor that Earl Grey advises us to introduce into Canada? In South Africa where an army of Chinese were brought to work in the mines there have been disclosures that will cause the whole batch to be deported as quickly as possible. Australia excludes yellow men. New Zealand's premier, in heated language a fortnight ago, declared that, whatever the consequences, the gates of that island would be shut against the scum of the Orient.

Yet there is a scheme on foot to permit railway contractors in Canada to import yellow men by the ship-load.

ON municipal election day the ratepayers of Toronto are to vote upon the question of cheap power—they are to decide whether the Council shall be authorized to enter into a contract with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, appointed by the Ontario Government, for a supply of electric power if it can be delivered at quoted prices, which are about one-half what the power monopoly would charge.

It might be supposed that not a ratepayer would vote against the proposal. But the situation is becoming quite complicated. It looked for a time as if some unseen influence would deter Council from submitting the question to a vote at all. But at the last minute the necessary steps were taken. Now several of the daily newspapers that have professed great anxiety for the by-law to carry are hitting it sledge-hammer blows every day in large display type. Several of the dailies are asking questions about the cheap power proposals of Hon. Adam Beck, misleading questions that poison the public mind against the by-law, excite alarm, distrust, suspicion, dread. These dailies are asking these questions in type about ten times as large as the type in which they assert their desire for cheap power and their belief in Hon. Adam Beck's proposals. They oppose cheap power in type that shouts; they support cheap power in type that whispers. It is a matter of conscience and journalistic etiquette. It seems to be correct etiquette for a public journal to print any advertising that the police will allow. It is of doubtful etiquette, and a subject of dispute, whether a public journal should allow a power monopoly to insert paid reading matter "knocking" cheap power. Some of our dailies take the money and print the arguments. Others refuse it. One prints it and apologizes next day. Is it good form to make money by hiring out your paper to throttle a question you love? Some of our papers refuse to allow the power monopoly to attack cheap power in their columns in small type at so much per stab, but are quite willing to let it be done in large display type. In those papers the monopoly cannot stick pins into a good cause, but may go at it with an axe. These big-letter attacks in the form of questions and warnings are published anonymously, they are signed by nobody, they palm themselves off on the ratepayer as the questions and warnings of the newspapers that print them. Why are they anonymous, except to deceive? What form does the deception take, except to make as many readers as possible believe that the questions originate with the newspaper, and not with the power monopoly? To this deception the newspaper lends itself, and to whatever extent the anonymous advertiser accomplishes his purpose to that extent the newspaper sacrifices the public interest for the gain of a few dollars. Are those misleading questions and warnings to be regarded as advertisements and from an interested source? There is nothing to indicate anything of the kind. Every other advertisement in the newspaper bears the name or indicates the man who pays for it. Every other unsigned question or warning, in type big or little, represents the voice of the newspaper itself. Here then we have several newspapers advocating cheap power every third day in minion type, and opposing cheap power every day in great primer type. The big type, the alarming question, the solemn warning, will have more readers than the small type and the tiring argument. The ratepayers of Toronto should, and in the natural course of events, would give an overwhelming vote authorizing the city to negotiate for cheap power with Hon. Adam Beck's Commission—but who knows what the ratepayers will do when their minds are being poisoned by questions and warnings that apparently represent the fears of our trusted press. If the newspapers continue to shout what they do not think, and merely whisper what they do think, cheap power may get its death-blow on election day.

There are men about town who say that the newspapers can be bought to support anybody or anything. Every journalist knows this to be a slander, and yet the men who say this thing, mean just what they see happening now. In newspaper offices men draw fine distinctions between "paid matter" and editorial opinion. People not in journalism care little about these fine distinctions. If a newspaper because it receives money, helps defeat a good cause, publishers may call it advertising, but the men who stacked the game and won it, call it buying up the press.

Toronto should overwhelmingly endorse the cheap power proposal on election day. The desperate efforts being made by the power syndicate to defeat it, should convince any reader that the issue is important.

CANADA'S postal service is an excellent one, and just at present newspapers in the United States are examining it with admiration, and are asking why it is that in this country our post-office can show a surplus while carrying newspapers and periodicals at one-half the rate charged in the Republic, where a deficit of \$15,000,000 is ascribed to the carrying of this class of matter below actual cost. The postal authorities at Washington are talking of doubling the rate on second-class matter, al-



HERE HE COMES!

his defence that the judges expressly censured—and to pay his own costs too in the appeal by which the impropriety and injustice of the two first trials are revealed. He pays his own costs in connection with the wrongful removal of his name from the rolls; and he pays his own cost in connection with getting his name put on again. So back Dr. Crichton goes to the village of Castleton where the Medical Czars found him. They found him there and they leave him as they found him, except that they have rolled him all over the province and have shaken hundreds of dollars out of his clothes. If they can do these things to a man what more need they ask? If they can't convict him, they can beggar him.

The Medical Council has suffered merely a technical defeat, and is probably well enough pleased with the outcome. This journal has no use for patent medicines; but the Medical Council abuses its authority, maintains an inquisition, and will grow more arbitrary and unjust until the Legislature deals with it in the public interest. Heretofore the Medical Act has been dealt with as if it concerned none but physicians.

A SINGULAR surrender to mob clamor has been made in Philadelphia, where the negro residents uprore because of the presentation in the old Walnut street Theatre of the southern play "The Clansman." There were riots within the theatre and on the streets outside. Considerable violence was done, and Mayor Weaver took the easiest way out—he yielded to the demands of the colored rioters, closed the theatre and suppressed the play. Noise, clamor, missiles, bludgeons, have thus had another victory, although it should be the duty of the mayor of a

without shuddering at the offense and sympathizing with the stern vengeance of white men who, after the war, were without law to protect them. There is reason to suppose, however, that the novel was written to incite racial prejudice and justify lynch law in the South, and the riots in Philadelphia will make the sales of the book phenomenal.

TO simplify proceedings against governors of jails, and others holding offices in Ontario that are coveted by devoted followers of the present administration, it might be well for the Government to pass an order-in-council providing that on the substantiation of the following charges against any office-holder dismissal shall be instant.

1. That the office-holder was, at the time of his appointment, a Grit.
2. That on one occasion, when the Grits won an election, he was seen to indulge in a broad grin.
3. That on the morning after the last general election he seemed depressed, and looked like a man who had got bad news from home.
4. That the salary attaching to his position is \$..... per annum.

The Government that would be truly popular with "the boys" must not make too difficult the task of emptying an office that they desire to fill with one of their own number. Political hustlers are naturally much concerned as to the men who are to have charge of the jails. To have friends at these strategic points may seem very important to some members of the party, for in these times a man scarcely knows whether he will on his next birthday wake up in jail or in the House of Lords—scarcely

though the rate is already double that charged in Canada. Our postal service covers a country quite as large as the United States, and sparsely settled, so that much of the mail-carrying is done at inevitable loss. "Canadian mail matter," says the San Francisco Argonaut, "now goes to post-offices inside the Arctic circle, the mail being made up at Winnipeg. From there to Edmonton the mail goes by rail, thence north, first in wagons, then on horseback, and then by dog-train the mail is carried to dwellers along the southern shores of the Arctic seas. . . . Canada is delivering mail at points three thousand miles north of the northern boundary of the United States." The same writer describes the postal service of Canada as better than that of the United States, with cheaper rates, under less favorable conditions, and yet is conducted at a profit, not a loss. The suggested explanation is that better men are on the job at Ottawa than at Washington.

The postal service of Canada is one of our best boasts, and it is managed by competent men. There is more undiluted patriotism put into the postal service of this country than into anything else of or belonging to us. The mail-bag is a thing sacred. It is handled with awe. It is meddled with at one's peril. The bewhiskered farmer driving his Clydesdale through the snow drifts with a mail-bag under the seat of his cutter, the fur-wrapped half-breed scooting in his dog-sled in the glacial north—these men are on the King's business and fear neither the face of man nor the fury of the storm, but make their appointed journeys. Far and near it is understood that the carrier of the mails has the right of way on any road, that he can seize your horse or your cart or your boat, so that whatever happens, His Majesty's mails shall not be delayed. For a pittance men ride by day and night, cross raging torrents, tramp on snow-shoes through blizzards, go hungry, frozen, sleepless, drenched—climb out of warm beds in the winter's dark and tramp with chilled marrow to the village railway station, to get the precious bag tossed from the flying car. No other public service imposes so many discomforts on those engaged in it, and dangers, too, for the mail-carrier crosses the river in flood when no other man dares it, and the mail steamer leaves dock in the storm that ties other vessels up. There is a devotion in this service that story writers and poets have not made enough of. The carrier almost worships that stiff armful of leather that he bears with him. An army of postmasters and clerks are imbued with the same feeling.

All this is well enough as far as it goes, but it is scarcely right that our finest service should be wrung from men who are miserably underpaid. A postal service was an absolute necessity in this country, and men worked for nothing to establish it. The first postmaster at any one point is usually a man so much interested in seeing postal conveniences placed there, that he cares little about remuneration. The nation has imposed upon this class of men. When the pioneer postmaster dies, his successor receives the same pittance. It is very gratifying to read in the newspapers of a neighboring nation praise of our postal service, but this country had no right to make a profit of \$490,844 last year and pile it on the spending counter, while an army of faithful workers all over the Dominion remain ridiculously underpaid.

The people want the service—they do not want a surplus earned by injustice.

For the present any profit that can be made should be cheerfully used in making tardy increases in the salaries of men long underpaid. There are 6,000 postmasters in Canada furnishing post-office accommodation and service to small communities at a remuneration of \$25 per annum. There are 2,000 more who are getting less than \$100 per annum. Nothing could warrant an economy so miserly, except a desire to found a postal service in a sparsely settled Dominion—but now we have it founded, smooth-working, surplus-yielding. Surely the time has come to make some effort at paying fair wages to the workers. The only mail-carriers who are adequately paid, are the railway companies; and the only postmasters who are adequately paid are a few in large cities—and they are not postmasters, but politicians called to their reward.

LAST week I published a circular letter that had been sent by Rodden's Collection and Detective Agency to a small boy who had peddled cards for the Home Art Co., and received a fountain pen as a prize on turning in the proceeds of his sales. The letter accused him of retaining money not his own and threatened legal proceedings unless he settled. He didn't owe them a cent. Since that letter was published two other cases of the same kind have been reported to me. In both cases angry fathers wrote hot letters to "Detective" Rodden, threatening to place the case in lawyers' hands, and there the matter ended. But one is led to wonder what happens when a small boy has not a father to answer threats with threats through the mail.

MANY a stout vessel and many a good man have gone down on the Canadian lakes in making "the last trip of the season." It is too often the practice to overload on these final voyages, to take all the freight that offers, so that nobody will be left in the lurch—although it were better that a shipper should suffer loss and a consignee be disappointed, than a boat and her crew should risk going to the bottom of the lake. Pride in his boat, pride in himself, fear of ridicule, have caused many a captain to leave dock with more cargo than he desired. How many men each year under one circumstance or another, are jeered and joshed into taking risks that end in death? The bravest man, perhaps, is he who is not afraid to admit a just and reasonable sense of fear that forbids him to enter upon a danger that is either foolish or unnecessary, but who, when a danger must be faced, will meet it half-way and with a smile.

On the subject of overloading lake vessels, the editor of the Parry Sound North Star, who is well versed in wrecks and their causes, writes: "The wreck of the steamer J. H. Jones in Georgian Bay last week is just a repetition of the old story of a quarter of a century ago, and yet we do not get wiser by experience. An over-loaded boat, too small at best to meet and sail through fall gales, the cargo badly stowed with the light stuff in the hold and the heavier freight on deck. This is the sum of the whole matter and calls loudly for a remedy. A Canadian Plimsoll mark with inspection of every vessel before it leaves port in the fall seems to be the only remedy, and it is high time Parliament took action. In these lake ports it is a common thing to see vessels loaded

to the water's edge with barely room between decks for passengers to crawl aboard, and the promenade and hurricane decks covered with freight so that the passengers were absolutely confined to the cabin, while even the life-boats are piled full of freight. This is no fancy picture, but one that may be seen at Georgian Bay ports almost any day in the fall of the year. This paper has from time to time pointed out these things but with no effect, and we now appeal to the press of the Dominion to join with us in a demand to regulate the loading of vessels as well as to inspect them as to seaworthiness."

THE attitude of California on the question of schooling yellow pupils in separate buildings is more readily understood when it is known that many of the Japanese who go to school in San Francisco are grown men, not children like those with whom they would be thrown into contact in the regular schools. These people get free public schooling, but they get it in special institutions; and by this separate treatment they can secure the special tuition that they require and could not get in the ordinary class-rooms. Some of the Eastern newspapers begin to understand why California is so sullen and determined on this subject.

For years people in other nations have wondered how long the United States could continue to disavow responsibility for the acts of individual states in the union. When a number of Italians were murdered by a mob in New Orleans, Italy demanded reparation and indemnity from Washington, but got the reply that the United States had no authority over the State of Louisiana in such a matter. Italy asked what would happen if she sent warships to New Orleans, and got the reply that the United States would make war on Italy. This has been the attitude in all such cases. As the constitution stands, California can segregate Japanese pupils, mobs can slay them on the streets, and involve the Union in war with Japan. Any other State can do so. President Roosevelt wants this changed, and each State brought under control from Washington in all international relations. It would seem but right that if the whole union must make war, the whole union should have an opportunity to avert war. But President Roosevelt seems to have addressed impolitic language to California in his message to Congress. "In the matter," he says, "now before me affecting the Japanese, everything that it is in my power to do will be done, and all the forces, military and civil, of the United States which I may lawfully employ will be so employed." These must be rash words to address to an exasperated state. The press of California replies that California will not house Japanese men and children in the same schools with their little sons and daughters.

Meanwhile Japan is making ready her fleet to pay a friendly visit to San Francisco harbor early in the New Year; a fortnight ago she launched a battleship greater in guns and tonnage than the famous British Dreadnought, and on Monday of this week launched the thirty-sixth destroyer she has built since the close of the war with Russia. Japan is a busy little nation. She is always spoken of as little, although considerably larger in area and five millions greater in population than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

HERE is a Conservative opposition in the Commons at Ottawa and a Liberal opposition in the Legislature at Toronto. In both cases the political parties in opposition are pretty well down and out—weak in numbers and lacking in men of mark. Why not, in both cases, go to the people for new impulses and a fresh start? In Ontario why should not a convention of the Liberal party be called for the purpose of selecting a new leader, who would take up his task with the whole party at his back? Two-thirds of the constituencies of Ontario are unrepresented when the caucus meets in the Legislature, and those members may elect from among themselves a corporal to drill them in their movements on the floor of the Legislature—but they are scarcely qualified to bestow the leadership of the party on anybody. Nor can a group of party men in Toronto assist much. If a leader is to have size and influence he must be chosen by the party at large. The same is true of the Conservatives at Ottawa. It is not yet too late for the Conservative party of Canada to hold a national convention and raise Mr. R. L. Borden from the level of a field captain at Ottawa to the plane of a national leader in politics. The interests of the country call for strengthened oppositions in the Commons and the Legislature.

EDITORS everywhere are in receipt of some remarkable letters which they do not publish. To read these communications and drop them into the waste-basket is part of the day's work, although it sometimes appears as if this journal gets more than its share of almost illegible suggestions by means of which the whole race of man could be lifted from poverty and sin in a month and made to live happily ever after. However, here is a communication that is published because it is brief, and because it is from a pessimist with whom at this season of the year, it is one's duty to reason.

SOLDIERS' HOME, CAL., U. S. A.

EDITOR SATURDAY NIGHT:—Can we come through all this up to God and Heaven? This whole world is full of filth and evil. The whole atmosphere is full of deadly poisonous microbes, taken in with every breath we breathe—full of disease, death and hell. All the waters are contaminated, and from the dire effects of human sin, the earth is a mere desert that is held back from producing fruits and grains.

Yours, H. HANSON.

Not so bad as that, surely! It is to be hoped that nothing by way of criticism in these columns on the political and business roguery exposed during the past year, has contributed to the despair expressed by Mr. Hanson. These columns do not counsel despair. There are dishonest men; but they are vastly outnumbered by men who are honest. There is much evil in the world, but there is more good. There is poverty abroad, but never before in the world's history was the average condition of man as good as it now is. News of want speedily reaches those who can relieve it, and the cable and the land telegraph is creating a world-wide public opinion and a world-wide sense of responsibility. When natives are starving in a far corner of India, men in Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver hear of it the day the news reaches Calcutta. The mechanic in Toronto earning union wages is able to supply himself and family with bodily comforts that kings of England could not buy, and shivered without a couple of centuries ago. The natural progress of the world has carried the whole race upward—immeasurably. Many have not received what they earned; many have reaped where they did not sow—the world is far from perfect, yet it is a better world than ever before. It is true that we breathe in microbes with every breath—but the difference between present and former times is that we now know this fact, while our ancestors did not know it. Much drinking water is impure, but much of it

is pure enough, and at least we are in these times warned to boil it—instead of gulping it down as our forefathers did, and dying resigned to what they called the will of Providence. There are many things in the world that call for removal, but nothing justifies hopeless pessimism. Let every man see to the doing of his own little part.

MACK.

In February a new magazine, on somewhat new lines, will make its appearance in Montreal. It will be issued four times a year, and will aim to rank with the British quarters. The name of the new publication will be The University Magazine. Dr. Andrew Macphail, whose "Essays in Puritanism" were recently published in Boston, and who is also the author of an historical novel, "The Vine of Sibmah," will be editor. The editorial board of the new magazine includes Dr. Peterson, principal of McGill University; Professor Charles Colby, Dr. Stephen Leacock, Dr. John Macrae and Mr. Fayette Brown. Although most of the editorial committee are McGill University professors, the magazine is intended in no sense to be an official publication of the University. It will aim to be a literary journal of Canadian rather than of local interest.

The Ontario Historical Society, which was organized in 1898, continues to perform a useful work in unearthing and placing on record matters of historical interest in connection with the early settlement of the Province. Periodically the society issues a volume containing the results of the researches of its members. These publications, the seventh of which appeared some time ago, are full of pioneer reminiscences of a personal and interesting character, as well as articles dealing with the origin of place names, stories of early discoveries and exploration, folk-lore and other matters of interest. The present officers of the Ontario Historical Society are: Hon. President, the Minister of Education; President, Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Rogers, Peterborough; Secretary, David Boyle, Education Department, Toronto; Treasurer, Frank Leigh, Toronto.

The par value of the mining stocks authorized in the United States and Canada this year has been estimated as high as \$900,000,000. Bradstreets, while admitting that "of course there are good mining stocks," points out that it requires "a very fine sense of discrimination" to enable the buyer to purchase only the stable and meritorious shares. The New York Times, which carries no sensational advertisements of mines and is uncompromising in its editorial attitude on the subject, quotes President Daniel Guggenheim, of the American Smelting and Refining Company, a recognized expert in mining, who says that the chances of success in a mining proposition are about 1 to 300.

Hon. W. W. B. McInnes, Commissioner of Yukon, in a recent interview, said: "The output of gold in the Klondike this season, as figured up to the time I left Dawson, was \$5,190,000. That production, I may say, was made with three of the big producing creeks lying practically idle all season. These creeks are Eldorado, Banana and Hunker. They are in the hands of the Guggenheims, and pending the installation of dredges and hydraulic machinery were not mined. The placing of mining equipment on these creeks is proceeding, and I think that in 1908 they will be turning out large quantities of gold."

The distinction of being the only peripatetic publisher in America belongs to R. T. Lowry, editor of Lowry's Claim. He formerly published his paper at Nelson, B.C., but some time ago the Canadian Post-office Department excluded it from the mails. Mr. Lowry then expressed his opinion of the Postmaster-General and all the other members of the Government, and announced that he would leave the country in disgust. A British Columbia newspaper says that he has now taken to the road, and is issuing his paper wherever he happens to be.

The statement credited to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy that he had never made a cent in stock speculations should be printed and framed and hung up where young men do most congregate, says The Montreal Herald. Sir Thomas has stuck to his shop and his shop has stuck to him. Too many of our young Canadians weary of slow progress in the shop, and cast longing eyes at the stock broker's ticker. The example to the contrary given by the president of the greatest transcontinental corporation in the world teaches a salutary lesson.

In the year 1905 there were 468 persons killed and 1,357 injured by the railways of Canada, these figures including all kinds of accidents. The number of deaths resulting from collisions or by trains leaving the track was 49 and the injured 273. The electric railways are coming along. In 1905 they were the cause of 56 deaths and 1296 injuries—four times as many as in 1901.

Barclay Allardice, who was born at Hamilton, Ont., and is now mayor of Loswithiel, Cornwall, and George Marshall Graham, Edinburgh, who spent many years in Canada, are claimants for the dormant Earldom of Airth, both claim to be descendants of Robert the Second of Scotland. The question will come before the Privy Council in the House of Lords.

On the great lakes during the navigation season of 1906 there was a loss of 126 lives. This was the largest in ten years except during 1905, when 215 lives were lost. During the present season 38 were lost overboard, five were drowned in collision, and fifty-two went down with their vessels.

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Gloves in all the Newest Shades.

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We have a few specimens of beautiful hand made chairs in Chippendale, Sheraton, &c., (no two alike). They are upholstered in handsome brocaded silks and perfectly finished. These with fancy sewing tables, five o'clock teas, &c., we will sell at specially low prices during Xmas trade.

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Flowers For Xmas

Should be ordered now. Early ordering an advantage.

Roses, Orchids, Lily-of-the-Valley and all seasonable varieties.

Send for price-list, we guarantee the delivery

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BRASS TRAYS

CRUMB BRUSH AND TRAY

BRASS GONGS



Kettle and Stand, \$10 each

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BANK
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A Bonus of \$75
(per \$1,000 assured), was added to life and endowment policies for the five years ending 31st December, 1906, and is noteworthy that this sum of \$375,000 has been maintained unbroken for the long period of 40 years.
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habit is a good habit—
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G. R. MAJOR, Manager.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO



MONTREAL

Montreal, Dec. 20, 1906.
THE presumption is very general that such men as Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Sir William Van Horne, Senator MacKay, E. B. Osler, R. G. Reid, C. R. Hosmer and other directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway have made fabulous fortunes out of the recent rise in C.P.R. stock. As a matter of fact they have not made a dollar beyond what is represented by the augmented values of their comparatively modest holdings—the holdings which qualify them for the directorate. A strange anomaly that a body of men who are on the inside, to whom every plan for future development must be well known, and who must of necessity be familiar with every working of this great railway system as no outsider can be, should not take advantage of such a rise as C.P.R. recently had and turn over a few hundreds of thousands each. However, such is the case. It is only the other day that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, contradicting some silly rumor about having made a half million in the stock market, remarked in his terse way that he had never made or lost a dollar in the stock market, for the reason that never in his life had he speculated. Chatting over the matter recently one of the directors, who is on very intimate terms with most of the men named above, said: "Here we sit, men who presumably know all about it, and see C.P.R. stock climb up as we never dreamed of. People come to me and ask all sorts of questions about the rise in the stock, and believe me, I tell them the truth when I say that I do not know any more about it than they do. I might go farther and say that no director does. Around par I always advised my friends to go into it as an investment and did so myself incidentally. But when it reached 140 or 150 I ceased giving any advice on the subject. Not that I do not believe in C.P.R., but just because the rise beyond that figure has been the work of men like Jefferson Levy, Gates, and other New York and London traders. I do not wish to be understood to say that I am not a believer in C.P.R. and its future, for I am, just as much as I am a believer in the future of the country, but I will say that there is nothing before us to-day making this stock worth 200, as compared with 150 or 175 a few weeks ago."

This gentleman then went on to state that to the best of his knowledge none of the directors of the company had benefited one dollar, beyond the augmented value of their original holdings; and he further said that Canadians generally had not taken advantage of the rise. As a matter of fact Canadians long ago ceased to be buyers of C.P.R. on margin, the whole business having gone out of their hands when the stock touched 140. With a few exceptions the directors of C.P.R. are comparatively small holders of the stock. A thousand shares would not represent any great proportion of the wealth of most of the men who direct that railway's affairs, but it is very safe to say that with one or two notable exceptions this amount is not held by any of them.

The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company are gradually getting into shape for more business. Their new "rapids" steamer will shortly be launched at the Bertram yard in Toronto, while the work upon the larger vessel, designed for business between Montreal and Quebec, is well under way in the latter city. This vessel will be a sister craft to the Montreal, now by far the largest and most pretentious steamer on the St. Lawrence, and suffering nothing by comparison with the Hudson River steamers, acknowledged the finest in the world. At present the R. & O. Company has a monopoly of the St. Lawrence passenger trade, but in order to hold the same free and clear from competition, they must not only hurry along the present vessels building, but go on and construct more. Travellers, and particularly Upper Canadian and American tourists, upon whom the company depends for about seventy-five per cent. of its business, are not content with anything but the best, and the older vessels of the fleet do not come within that category. The company's annual meeting will take place in a short time now, and it would not be surprising if the president, Rudolph Forget, outlined an aggressive policy for the coming year.

With a fire in the Hub colliery the Dominion Coal Company are again in hard luck. The last fire, in the Dominion colliery, cost the company thirteen months' labor; three months to flood the mine, and ten to pump it out, not to speak of the attendant loss to plant. In the present instance it will also be necessary to let in the water. Fortunately the colliery is one of the company's smaller producers, and will not materially affect the gross output. F. L. Wanklyn, vice-president and general manager, and Jack Ross, only son of James Ross, now Mr. Wanklyn's assistant, left immediately for Sydney upon receipt of the bad news. Young Ross appears to have settled down into a staid business man. He is a much bigger man physically than his father, but he is yet in the background in financial affairs. His turn is to come.

There appears to be a likelihood of Mr. Robert Meighen taking a place on the Dominion Coal board; that made vacant by the resignation of Sir William Van Horne. Genial Mr. Meighen is a large holder of Coal stock, and is everywhere known as a conservative business man of fine calibre. After spending years dealing goods over the counter of an Ontario country store, he to-day ranks among Canada's richest men. If asked to name Mr. Meighen's chief characteristic I would say absolute honesty. He will go out of his way to be frankly honest, even to the detriment of his own interests—an exceptional thing among business men in this day and generation.

The project of amalgamating the steel companies of Canada into an organization somewhat akin to the Steel. United States Steel Company is once more

being discussed. As yet it is little more than a dream; and of course may or may not materialize into something more substantial later on. There are, however, several reasons why such an amalgamation is most unlikely. Prominent among these might be mentioned the unpopularity of such organizations in the Dominion, and the likelihood of such a trust stirring up a hornet's nest for itself in the way of popular disfavor. Another reason why an amalgamation of the Dominion Iron and Steel, the Lake Superior Corporation and the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, is the infinitely superior position of two of the concerns over the third, and an amalgamation on anything like even terms is out of the question.

** Toronto, Dec. 20.
AS the year draws nearer to a close, the interest rates advance. The difficulty in obtaining money to finance new propositions is becoming more acute both at home and abroad, and it would appear as if liquidation was the only thing left to bring about a normal state of affairs in the big money markets. Financial circles on Tuesday were somewhat surprised by the action of the Imperial Bank of Germany in raising its minimum discount rate from 6 to 7 per cent. It is stated that this step in Berlin was taken as a precautionary move rather than an indication of the intention of taking gold from London. However this may be, there is a strong feeling that the Bank of England will increase its rate to 7 per cent. either this week or next. London still continues to finance United States bills, for which there seems to be some urgency despite the fact that large amounts of commercial bills for cotton and produce are offering in New York. The Wall Street people appear to be between two fires. They fear excessive rates for money at home, and also fear that these large offerings of produce bills will break the exchange market to lead to gold imports from London. To avoid the necessity of shipping gold from London, the Bank of England would in self-protection raise its discount rate. While it is true that the Egyptian and Argentine gold demands have to be met, it is understood that the Bank of France is ready to again relieve London by the release of further gold should the necessity arise.

United States stocks have suffered considerably of late by the high rates for money, and there has also been a decline in British Consul's stocks. Brokers in New York have sent out warnings to their clients here and elsewhere. One of them wrote as follows: "The stock market will probably go very much lower when people find that they are being charged 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. interest for carrying. I don't mean our own people, but all who are carrying marginal accounts. The money market has not been in such bad shape since 1893. Merchants and manufacturers in county towns are paying 14 per cent. for accommodation. That means business will feel the stringency, and we will probably have a let up in trade. I predict that stocks will sell 10 to 20 points lower between now and February 1st."

Many of our own securities, which are listed in London, are acting well under the pinch of dear Canadian money. The latest mail advices of December 6th reflect an advance in some of the leading Canadian issues on the other side. For instance, our 2½ per cent. Dominion loan at that date was up one per cent. to 85, practically on this week's level of British consuls, which also bear 2½ per cent. interest. Dominion 4's rose one per cent. to 104. Among Provincial issues, Manitoba 5 per cent. bonds advanced one per cent. to 111, and the 4 per cents. rose two to 103. Then there is the Ontario 3½ per cent. loan, which is up 1½, and now sells at 97½. In the municipal list, there has been an advance of one point in Toronto 3½ per cent. debentures to 95, and an advance of one point in Montreal 4 per cents. to 107. These relatively high prices are creditable to Canada's standing in the money market of the world.

The fire insurance companies are almost alone among our big financial companies that have met with severe disasters in the past few years. But it is satisfactory to know that two of our oldest fire and marine companies, whose capital was impaired by the great San Francisco disaster last April, have been successful in again establishing themselves on a firm and substantial basis. The losses by the great conflagration turned out to be much greater than expected, but these will be fully paid this year, and the credit of the British America and Western Assurance fully restored. Issues of 7 per cent. preference stock have been underwritten at 125. The British America issue is for \$550,000, and the Western \$1,000,000. At a premium of 25 the former company will get \$687,000 and the latter \$1,250,000, while the present shareholders are entitled to subscribe for the new issue in proportion to their present holdings. The retirement of Mr. J. J. Kenny as managing director will be regretted by many. He has held the position of manager for over thirty years, but he will be retained on the board. His successor, Mr. Meikle, who is at present in the city, is a gentleman of wide experience in fire insurance. He has served the companies for some years in Great Britain. The British America Co. is one, if not the oldest, of incorporated companies, having been organized in 1833. The Western Assurance was incorporated in 1851.

The Bank of Hamilton have prepared their financial statement for the year ending November 30, Bank of Hamilton, and the figures reflect exceptionally sound banking. Net profits for the year amount to \$371,251.52, being a trifle over 15 per cent. on their capitalization of \$2,500,000. Reserve stands equal to capital, and it is proposed to devote a substantial share of the profits, not required for dividends, to the

HON. WM. GIBSON, President.

J. TURNBULL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - \$2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets - - - 32,500,000

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at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits from one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

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Interest allowed in SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
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Crown Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 4.

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank, and that the same will be payable at the head office and branches on and after Wednesday, the 2nd day of January next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st December, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the shareholders will be held at the head office of the bank in Toronto, on Friday the first day of February next, at twelve o'clock noon. By order of the Board.

G. DE C. O'GRADY,
General Manager.

Authorized Capital \$1,000,000

Full deposit with Dominion Government.

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Reserve required by Government fully covered.

Losses Paid Over \$900,000

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WEST MARKET AND FRONT STREETS
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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

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Cold Cream, 35c.

Do you value a complexion with the rich, warm "Peach Blow" glow? Then keep a pot of "My Lady's" Old English Cold Cream on your dressing table and use it sparingly to protect many ladies buy several pots at a time—as many as a dozen. "My Lady's" Old English Cold Cream is a wonderful skin preservative at a very small price—35c—put up in a delicate open jar with fine nickel top. At most drug stores or direct from

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inauguration of a pension fund for the staff. This recognition of faithful service must commend itself to shareholder and public as a move in the right direction, and preferable to still further accumulation of a reserve fund, now ample to insure the stability of the institution. The Bank of Hamilton shows up with total assets of over thirty-two and one-half million dollars, and a feature of their statement that stands out is that eleven million dollars, or over one-third of their total assets, are "liquid," in other words, immediately available for any financial emergency. A comparison with former statements show steady progress, and indicates that the Bank of Hamilton, while not the largest, is one of the soundest and best managed financial institutions in Canada.

The bank's premises stand at a little less than a million dollars, and considering that the bank maintains practically one hundred branches, the capital locked up in premises is insignificant, averaging less than \$10,000 per branch, including their substantial new head office building. Evidently the Bank of Hamilton does not believe in the prevailing "marble palace" craze, and a mental review of their main offices in Hamilton, Toronto, and Winnipeg reveals plain, substantial, "commercial" buildings, evidently bringing in good rentals apart from the banking

rooms, and all of a type that renders them marketable assets, should change of location ever become desirable in the future.

The location of the hundred branches of this institution is significant, and when carefully studied indicates a policy well worthy of emulation by all Canadian bankers. Over ninety per cent. of its branches are located in the small towns throughout Ontario and west of Winnipeg to the Coast. The Bank of Hamilton seems to walk hand in hand with the railways opening up new country, placing very necessary banking facilities at the disposal of trade and agriculture in these new districts. This renders a valuable service to our commerce, and is certainly preferable, from a public point of view, to dividing the banking business in older centres already adequately supplied with branch banks. That the Bank of Hamilton have been able to render this service to the country with profit to themselves is gratifying, and should encourage other banks to leave the beaten track and assist in developing new territory throughout Canada. The annual meeting of the Bank of Hamilton takes place on January 21, when the annual statement will be submitted in full detail to the shareholders of this enterprising and successful institution.



Social and Personal

Mrs. Mortimer Clark received on Thursday, two days after the charming dance of the 11th, and numbers of persons paid their respects; not so many as would have been on hand had the announcement been made earlier that the hostess would be able to take such a fatiguing duty so soon after the dance. Mrs. Mortimer Clark has been wonderfully well and interested in everything going on this season, as all her friends are glad to note. On Thursday several visitors in town came in for tea at Government House, one most welcome being Mrs. Jack Hood, who as Sybil Seymour was so often a belle in the same precincts. Mrs. Maclean brought her beautiful guest, Miss Hutton, and several others were the centre of merry groups. The Misses Mortimer Clark and the aides, Major Macdonald and Mr. Douglas Young were kept busy in the drawing rooms and tea room. His Honor received with Mrs. Mortimer Clark.

Last Saturday afternoon the marriage of Miss Frances Flood and Mr. Henry McLaren, of Hamilton, was celebrated, the Bishop of Niagara and Rev. R. Sims officiating, the ceremony taking place in the Church of the Messiah. Miss Flood is a grand-daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Flood, one of the old regime, who with the Blake family and the Brough family were friends and connected by marriage in the early days of Canada. Honorable S. H. Blake gave the bride away, and she wore a costume of ivory cloth with white plumed hat and carried white roses. Her only jewels were amethysts, a necklace of which fashionable gems was the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Jean McLaren was bridesmaid in a white gown with red hat and a bouquet of red roses. Master Hume Blake as page, escorted little Miss Mary McLaren, niece of the groom, who was the flower girl. Rev. R. J. McLaren was best man. Mr. Hamilton presided at the organ and Mrs. Parker sang "O, Perfect Love," while the bridal party signed the register. Mr. and Mrs. McLaren are honeymooning in Gotham.

The Domino Club intend holding their annual Fancy Dress Masquerade at the Temple Building on January 11th, which by the way will be the third of its kind given by this jolly club. A few changes have been inaugurated and these, together with the growing popularity of the dance are sure to insure an immense success. The invitations are not out yet, but it is understood that the following ladies will act as patrones:—Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Dreschler Adamson, Mrs. Edmund Roberts, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Edward Porter, Mrs. A. H. Leith, Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mrs. Kenneth J. Dunstan, Mrs. Harry Symons, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mrs. E. Hay, Mrs. Richard Watt, Mrs. W. H. Holland.

Mrs. Elliott Helliwell has returned from a three month's visit to the Northwest, of which she speaks with enthusiasm. Her son Harry came back with her and is spending a few days in Montreal but returns here for Christmas. He has been very successful in the far west, as all his friends are glad to hear.

Mrs. Nattress gave a pretty tea on Wednesday at her home in Carlton street and is giving a second tea next Wednesday.

Mrs. W. Harold Mara received for the first time since her marriage on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, December 17th and 18th, at 33 Rathnally avenue. Mrs. Dugald MacMurphy is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Harold Mara.

The marriage of Miss Nan Hope Bell, eldest daughter of Judge and Mrs. Archibald Bell, of Chatham, Ont., and Mr. Robert Kennedy Grant of the Standard Bank, Toronto, will take place on New Year's Day.

The Board of Management of the Infant's Home, 21 St. Mary street, would ask their many friends to remember them generously at this Christmas time, and any gifts, groceries or goods will be most gratefully received by them on behalf of the Home.

Mrs. and Miss Ellwood arrived out from Scotland on Monday and are at the King Edward. They intend remaining in Canada until the second week in March. Miss Eileen has been quite ill during the past season, and the trip has been made largely to aid in the restoration of her strength. Mrs. Ellwood's many Toronto friends are giving her most hearty welcome.

Mrs. Bruce Macdonald will chaperone a dance at McConkey's on January 9th, in honor of the *debut* of her niece, Miss Clara Foy, this season. Mrs. Foy is not going out and her sister will act as hostess in her stead at the dance. Mrs. Macdonald is also giving a large tea on Saturday, January 12.

The Executive of the High Park Golf Club decided to hold the Club's Annual Dance at McConkey's on the evening of January 25, 1907, and have limited the issue of tickets to two hundred and fifty. An able committee has

the arrangements for music, supper and accommodation in hand, and is making liberal provision for a very enjoyable evening. The committee includes Messrs. M. LeC. Atkinson, D. C. Dick, A. Lorne Flaws, E. G. Long, John Miln, Jr., Marcel Morgan, James A. Young, Jr., R. G. Black, Howard Goode and H. Laurence Rous, 227 Cottingham street, hon. sec.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. Gladys Ball, daughter of Mr. Herbert Ball, formerly of Galt, to Mr. Paul Otto Pfeiderer of Heilbronn, Germany. The wedding will take place in the spring.

For several days last week the friends of Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles had an opportunity of peeping into a little bit of Paris, for the cost of a trip on the Belt Line. Never was such a transformation with such charming result, as these two clever people have made in the building out of which they have evolved the most perfect of studios and Bohemian dwellings. Their work is worthy of these delightful quarters, and it is an education in Toronto's art progress to study the design and finish of the ceramics made and originated by Mr. Knowles' students. Grace, delicacy and beauty are set forth in line and tint of these lovely bits.

Miss Anna Jennings returned from England on receipt of the news by cable of the death of her brother, the late lamented Mr. William Jennings, and is now at Mr. Adam R. Creelman's home in Montreal.

Mrs. Haydn Horsey, of Montreal, arrived this week on a visit to Mrs. Mulock and will be here for some time. Mr. Horsey will also be in town for Christmas, but a flying visit is all business will allow.

Torontonians of the vintage of 1860 and afterwards were sorry to hear of the death of Major General Frederick George Berkeley, which occurred this month at his residence in Surrey, England. The late Major General was one of the dashing young officers of the 47th Foot, who broke the hearts of the belles of that period, and sometimes also succumbed to their charm. In the present case, the handsome daughter of one of the old families of Niagara, Miss Louisa Dickson, became the wife of the soldier, and survives him with four stalwart sons. Mrs. Berkeley is the second daughter of the late Honorable Walter Hamilton Dickson, and a sister of Mrs. Fred Plumb.

Mrs. Thomas is giving a dance at McConkey's next Wednesday night, for her daughter, Miss Adele.

The marriage of Miss Edith Jones, daughter of Rev. Septimus Jones, and Mr. Edmund Gunther, will take place in the Church of the Redeemer on the second of January.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson and Miss Macdonald, of St. Margaret's College, were at Home last Thursday evening from eight to eleven o'clock. The students are now away home for Christmas and St. Margaret's halls are deserted, *pro tem*. Mrs. Dickson has recently embarked on a large venture in New York, where she has started a fine boarding school for girls in the heart of the city. I hear great success is assured to this enterprise, which has the cordial good wishes of the Toronto friends of the clever and able principal.

Mrs. Meyers has had a busy season at her dancing pavilion at Sunnyside. A few of the functions held there have been: On St. Andrew's night, "The Jolly Bachelors" of Parkdale and their friends had a splendid time; on December 1, the Sunnyside Club held their weekly hop; on December 3, the "Old Eleven" Club gave a club dance which was very successful; on December 4, the Home Club gave the first of eleven progressive euchres, with supper and dance; on December 6, the C. K. C. Club held their Annual At Home; on December 7, the Parkdale Canoe Club held their second monthly dance, and on the following evening entertained the Toronto Canoe Club to a progressive euchre, in the Sun parlor, and a fine supper in the west wing dining-hall, one hundred and sixty guests being served. Speeches were made by Dr. Weismiller, the Commodore; Mr. McNab, Commodore of the Toronto Canoe Club, Claude McDonnell, M.P., and several aldermen. This is not a bad record for one week in the pavilion, where there is always something going on.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roaf have gone to California. They will not return until May. Mrs. Jack Murray and Captain and Mrs. Parkyn Murray are off to the Mediterranean, where they will meet Mrs. W. T. and the Misses Murray later on. Mr. Percival Ridout has gone to England, where he will spend Noel with Mrs. Ridout and his son and daughter. Mr. Ridout sailed on Saturday, and will be missed from Toronto, where all are so glad to see him.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation
HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO ST., TORONTO

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

\$1 and upwards received on deposit.	Interest compounded half-yearly at.....	3%	\$100 and upwards received for which debentures are issued with coupons attached for half-yearly interest at.....	4%
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Paid-up Capital Reserve Fund Investments	\$ 6,000,000.00
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2,200,000.00

25,241,114.55

THE CANADIAN BANK
OF COMMERCE

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000. Rest, \$5,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

B. E. WALKER, General Manager. ALEX. LAIRD, Asst. Gen'l Manager
YONGE AND QUEEN BRANCH

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

Main Office, 21-25 King street west.	197-9 Yonge street, near Queen.
Corner Bloor and Yonge streets.	Corner Queen and Bathurst streets.
Queen East, corner Grant street.	Corner College street and Spadina Ave.
Market, 163 King street east.	Corner Yonge and College streets.
Parliament street, corner Carlton st.	Parkdale, 1331 Queen street west.

IF YOU HAVE
\$5.00
TO BUY A SILK
PETTICOAT
BUY ONE OF THE



S. H. & M.
GUARANTEED
TAFFETA
PETTICOATS

They are made from a silk woven specially for Petticoats. There is a wear guarantee label sewn on the waistband. That protects you. **S. H. & M. GUARANTEED TAFFETA PETTICOATS** are designed by our New York Designers, and tailored by Experts.

Don't buy SILK PETTICOATS unless they have the **S. H. & M.** guarantee label on the waistband. If your dealer will not supply you, do not accept substitutes. Come to our factory. We'll tailor a Petticoat to your measure in 24 hours.

THE S. H. & M. COMPANY
142-144 West Front Street, Opposite the Union Station



Attractive Girls, if Plain of Face

can greatly enhance their attractiveness by the daily use of **Campagna's Italian Balm**, which is the purest of all skin foods.

Beautiful Girls can retain their beauty by the use of this ideal toilet preparation. It leaves the skin soft, white and "peachy" as a young child's.

White Hands—A beautiful delicate whiteness and softness of the hands may be acquired by applying the Balm freely at night and wearing loose kid gloves with the palms cut out.

Campagna's Italian Balm is a sure cure for chapped hands, sore lips, rough red skin and all facial blemishes. All druggists sell it 25c.

E. G. WEST & CO., Agents — TORONTO

Fashionable

Xmas Presents

New Perfumes	Brush and Comb Cases
Toilet Waters	Manicure Cases
Perfumed Flannel	Collar and Cuff Boxes
Sachet Powders	Shaving Sets
French Soaps	Perfume Combinations

LIOLA CREAM prevents redness of the skin

W. H. LEE

King Edward Drug Store

Church and Wellesley Sts. and Avenue Road and Macpherson Ave.

Sound, mellow, luscious apples, good enough for the fruit-dish on your dinner table, make

YORK Cider

Delicious in flavor, crystal-clear golden-amber in color, carbonated, good for



try it

Your dealer can supply YORK Cider.

Ask your Dealer or Telephone Main 6374

Convido Port

made from good grapes

At least thirty years ago the grapes ripened in the "Alto Douro" of Portugal whose essence, fragrance, aroma and richness is in the bottles of Convido Port you buy this year. Convido Port is a really worthy wine—superb to the palate, invaluable for invalids.

Established 1670

In Canada by D. O. ROBLIN of TORONTO

Young Canadians Serving the King

xxxvi.



CAPTAIN ARTHUR MACAULAY CAYLEY, Graduate R.M.C., Royal Artillery, stationed at Malta.

Social and Personal.

Next Wednesday two weddings of interest to society are to take place, Miss Janet King and Mr. H. M. Lay, and Mr. George Macdonell and Miss Elsie Buchan are the happy couples.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston was hostess of a dance in her home in Avenue road, at which the guests were almost entirely from the young set, friends of her daughter, Miss Jessie Johnston, who made her *debut* last year. Mrs. Johnston received in a smart black gown relieved with pink, and Miss Johnston wore white and was a very kind and thoughtful assistant hostess. The young folks had a thoroughly enjoyable evening, and several visitors in town, who for the first time saw the beauties of a home famed for its artistic charm, were profuse in their interest and pleasure. The dance was not a large one; supper was served at quartette tables, and the new picture gallery was used as a *salle de danse*, while the other rooms were beautiful with flowers and handsome furnishings, and nothing was forgotten for the enjoyment of the merry party.

Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis gave a very pleasant and well arranged dance last week for her *debutante* daughter, Miss Mary Jarvis, in McConkey's parlors. About three hundred guests were invited to this much anticipated dance, and nearly all accepted and were present. One young belle was heard to exclaim with thorough content as she took her departure from the gay scene, "The best yet," which records her entire happiness, and would likely have many endorsers. Mrs. Jarvis wore a black jetté gown, and Miss Jarvis was daintily dressed in white crepe, touched with silver, with a bouquet of Beauty roses. The ballroom floor was never in better shape, and everyone had happy smiles, from the shyest *debutante* to the genial grandfather of the fair girl in whose honor the dance was given, Sir Aemilius Irving being one of the happiest looking people at this very successful dance. A delicious supper was served in the cafe, all the company being seated at once, and during the evening a buffet decorated with flowers was arranged for refreshment in a recess of the ballroom. Like several other hospitable folk, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis had some out-of-town friends in their house party, Miss Wilson, an English guest, wearing pink satin and pink roses, and Miss Diers of Montreal, in an Empire frock of shell pink chiffon. A younger sister of the *debutante*, Miss Bertha Jarvis, wore a girlish frock of white *soie d'Inde* with red ribbons in her dark hair, and a red sash.

The Misses Ewart, of Winnipeg, have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, at Ermeleigh, who gave a very pleasant tea for them the other day.

Mr. Hees and his son, Mr. Ralph Hees, returned from the Orient on Saturday. They had a perfectly delightful tour, and found Japan most interesting, bringing home many pretty things from that country. Mr. Hees is a great traveller, and has from time to time written very interesting accounts of his experiences. Mrs. Harris Hees is spending a month with her mother, Mrs. Good, in New York, and her husband will join her there for Christmas.

Captain and Mrs. Hector Reid are in town for Christmas, with Captain Reid's parents in Jarvis street.

Miss Janet Duff and Miss Iona Robertson will be at the Queen's until after their concert on January 1st.

Miss Curlette's dance for the students of Westbourne School and their friends, was, like all entertainments given at this school, very nicely done, and enjoyed greatly by the young folks, and the little coterie of older friends one always sees there. Miss Curlette received in white satin with bertha of point lace. The decorations of the supper room were white and gold 'mums, and the lights were also shaded in yellow, with sunny effect. It was a very jolly finale to a busy term.

There will be no programme for Saturday afternoon at the Strollers until January 5th, the Christmas demands upon the time of the artists and members not permitting of its arrangement.

The visit of Miss Iona Robertson and Miss Janet Duff to Canada, has awakened the Highlanders who are interested in the mission of these two clever young ladies. The Scot in the Highlands often speaks nothing but Gaelic, his teachers in the government schools speak English. Can you imagine the tribulation of the bright, eager, ambitious Gael, who must imbibe the learning he so ardently covets, in what is to him a foreign tongue? Pur bare-kneed laddie! And so Miss Robertson and Miss Duff are out for the needful but scarce hawbees to

help equip the Gaelic-speaking bairns with teachers who "have" the language, and help along progress in the North. There are enough ardent Highlanders in Canada to fill the pouches of the visitors to the brim for such an appeal, and even if non-Highlanders, who might don a kilt wrong-side-to, feel interested in the staunch race and its necessities, I'm no saying their siller would be scorned. Seriously, Miss Janet Duff's singing is a benediction, rich and full, and Miss Robertson's recitations are so forceful, dramatic and touching that the heart is moved and the eyes are wet thereunder. Miss Robertson also sings, in a clear, sweet, high voice, the songs of her home-place, in the tongue of her forebears, and assisted by Mr. Harold Jarvis, these two are giving a concert on New Year's night in Association Hall, which will be a surprise to some of their hearers. Miss Robertson will give Neil Munro's "Erchie on the King's Cruise," and Kipling's "Ballad of East and West," and no doubt several others if the floor resists the applause. Mr. Jarvis and Miss Duff will sing Burns' "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," which is rare melody and harmony rarely given. As for Miss Robertson's Gaelic songs, I am in the plight of the Hielan' lad with the English, so must refer interested ones to the programme. Last week Mrs. Austin of Spadina entertained the clever pair of Scotch ladies at dinner and afterwards songs and thrilling recitations were given, to the great delight of the company. The visitors spent a short visit at Niagara Falls and are now back in town. From Fraser of Guyshoro' who reigns in gubernatorial halls in Halifax to far Brandon where Governor Forget gave his patronage, their concerts have awakened great enthusiasm. It is certain Toronto has enough Highland spirit to keep it going.

On New Year's night a jolly dance will be given at Beamsville by the ladies of the Cosey Corner Club and the officers and members of the Beamsville Social Club, to which Toronto friends have received cards. Dr. Orth is the secretary of this promising event.

Miss Hazel Nicholls gave a girl's tea last Wednesday, at which she looked very bright and pretty in a dainty cream silk dress with forget-me-not trimmings. Mrs. Frederic Nicholls who received with her daughter wore a handsome black sequin gown and diamonds. The rooms and halls of "The Homewood" were fragrant and beautiful with many flowers and palms. The tea rooms, where strains from an unseen orchestra could be heard, were in charge of Miss Nicholls, Miss Bessie Nicholls, Mrs. Henry Nicholls, Miss Irene Doolittle, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Lorna Reid and Miss Constance Hobbs. Among the guests were Miss Sybil Boomer, the Misses Ethel and Doris Suckling, Miss Maud Band, Miss Hilda Burton, Miss Gladys Bilton, Miss Margaret Cotton, Miss Margaret Knox (Hamilton), Miss Joy Denton, Miss Bessie Caldwell, Miss Marjory Perry, Miss Marion Bilton, Miss Grace Gooderham, Miss Ruth Massey, Miss Mabel Lennox, Miss Clara Flavelle, Miss Lucile Graham and the Misses Leila and Bessie Larkin.

The Dental Collegians and their friends made merry in the Temple ballroom last Friday night at the annual dance of the students, which I hear has become more a dance for the students' men and girl friends, and is therefore not strictly collegiate. The decorations and all other arrangements were spirited and appropriate, suggesting the presiding influence of the big institution in College street. Toronto dentals are good hosts, and those who have graduated from the college are so often masters in their profession that from all quarters and distances people come to "have their teeth fixed" in Toronto. It is stated that only forty out of the two hundred students were at the dance last week, but, however that may be, it was a joyous and successful affair.

The Toronto Canoe Club's Annual Dance will be held at McConkey's on Friday evening, January 18th, 1907.

Mrs. T. E. Robertson of Spadina road gave a very pretty tea last week in her new home, and was assisted by a niece of Mr. Robertson, Miss Enid Harte, a young lady whose great personal charm added much interest to the occasion. Mrs. Robertson wore a pretty light silk, and Miss Harte was all in white, and looked very handsome and radiant. The tea was preceded by a comedietta, "Six Cups of Tea," by some of the young folks from the School of Expression, and Mrs. Scott Raff recited "Aux Italiens." The tea-table was presided over by several charming girl friends of the hostess, and the guests were many and in a joyous mood. The Italian orchestra played in the hall, and the new house with its pretty suite of rooms and artistic furnishing received a hearty "warming." Mrs. Robertson's little daughter, Doris, was one of the busiest of assistants, and is a most attractive child.

All sorts of *contretemps* are constantly recorded, in regard to the lateness, waywardness and general provokingness of cabs, or rather drivers. The limit was reached after the dance at Government House, when a party of guests from very far away were informed, after everyone had left, that the reason their cab had not turned up was because the police on duty had found it necessary to arrest the driver and send him to the lock-up to be taken care of. What was done with the cab, I did not hear.

The marriage of Mr. Walter Reginald Geikie of the Dominion Bank, Orillia, and Miss Grace B. Pedlar, youngest daughter of Mr. George H. Pedlar, took place at the home of the bride's father, at Oshawa, on Saturday, December 15, and was attended by a party of forty-five relatives and friends from Toronto, who went down by private car in time for the ceremony at five o'clock. The Pedlar homestead has recently been done up in charming fashion, and the newly decorated rooms looked very pretty, the note of coming Noel being sounded in the ruddy tints, while in the dining-room, where the *dejeuner* was set, white hyacinths, lily of the valley and other blooms were used in recognition of the happy occasion. Miss Pedlar wore an exquisitely fine and dainty imported robe of lace and chiffon, a tulle veil and crown of orange blossoms, and carried roses and lily of the valley. Mrs. J. E. Elliott, of Toronto, was matron of honor, and two charming rosy tots, little daughters of Mr. Edgar Northwood of Chatham, whose wife is elder sister of the bride, were very serious bridesmaids, in white lace frockies, white bouquets and wreaths. Rev. Rural Dean Talbot performed the ceremony. After the *dejeuner* the bride and groom left for their honeymoon across the lines, Mrs. Geikie travelling in a costume of *mode panne* velvet with mink furs and pretty *chapeau* to match. Dr. Geikie, Dean of the Medical College in Toronto, was one of those at the wedding and made a speech with best wishes to his grandson, the groom, and the charming bride.

PLEATED SKIRTS PREDOMINATE

The popularity of the pleated skirt continues and there seems little question that it will grow stronger through the coming season.

Skirts made to order from your own material.

Careful attention given to each individual order.

Knife and accordion pleating promptly executed.

Featherbone Novelty Co.

Limited

266-274 KING STREET WEST

BRANCHES: 112 Yonge Street. 3503
296 Yonge Street. 3504

TORONTO

MONTREAL: Room 16, Birk's Bldg.

A HANDSOME CHRISTMAS or New Year's gift would be one of the Fine Fur-Lined Coats show below. Note the description and prices.



221 — **Fur-Lined Coat**, collar and lapels, trimmed with fancy strapping of self, full back lined with squirrel or rat lining, collar of best quality mink, coat 46 in. long. Made in all sizes of broadcloth, in all colors. Price \$100.00, or with sable collar \$125.00

222 — **Fur-Lined Coat**, 46 in. long, trimmed with strapping of self, lined with squirrel or rat lining, collar of black mink. Made in all colors of broadcloth. Price \$65.00

223 — **Nobby Design Fur-Lined Coat**, 46 in. long, self strapping, lined with squirrel. Lynx collar. Made in tweeds or mink, as desired. Other furs may be selected. Range 7 cloths. Price \$69.00

Handsome illustrated design book of Coats and Suits to out-of-town customers, on request.

JOHN CATTO & SON, KING STREET, TORONTO

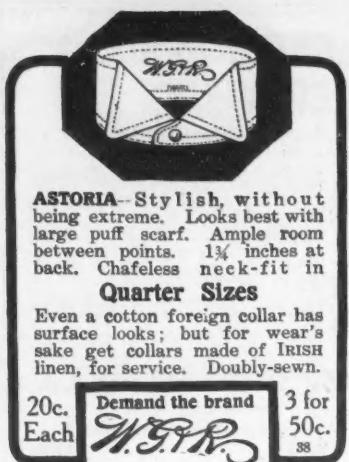
1907 Diamond Values

Will be historical for price-saving advantages which the present will make seem "pennies" as compared to the "L's" necessary in the years to come.

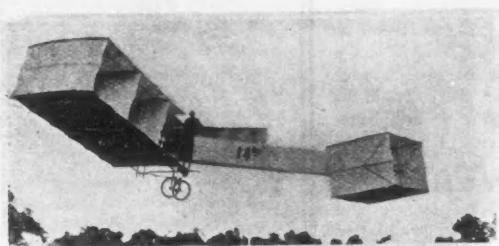
Our **\$100.00 Diamonds** and other available values will never fall below the established par of present quotations. In all reason there is it not truly economical to purchase at 1906 Xmas price-benefits.

Our personal guarantee with every purchase, whether a small but perfect diamond at \$10.00 or a \$10,000.00 gem design.

B. & H. B. KENT
DIAMOND MERCHANTS
BENJAMIN KENT
144 YONGE ST., TORONTO
HERBERT B. KENT



The Development of the Flying Machine.



Santos-Dumont in His New Aeroplane.

ASTORIA—Stylish, without being extreme. Looks best with large puff scarf. Ample room between points. 13/4 inches at back. Chafeless neck-fit in **Quarter Sizes**.

Even a cotton foreign collar has surface looks; but for wear's sake get collars made of **IRISH** linen, for service. Doubly-sewn.

20c. Demand the brand
Each **W.G.R.** 3 for 50c.
58

1854 THE 1906
HOME BANK
OF CANADA

MONEY ORDERS—When it is desired to send money to any point in Canada where there is a chartered bank an order may be issued from any office of the Home Bank of Canada, and the amount safely delivered at destination at the following rates:—

To send amount less than \$5 .3c.
To send \$5 to \$10 .6c.
To send \$10 to \$30 .10c.
To send \$30 to \$50 .15c.

HEAD OFFICE AND TORONTO BRANCH
8 King Street West

City Branches open 7 to 9 o'clock Saturday
Nights—78 Church Street, and Corner
Queen and Bathurst Sts.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A few even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting #26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

It must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon a farm land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

A PRESENT

worthy of the New Year.

"King's Liqueur"

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

10 and 20 years old.

David Heilbron & Sons
GLASGOW

Kennedy
Shorthand School

There may be some consideration necessary as to whether or not you should have a shorthand education, but none as to where to obtain it.

New term opens Jan. 2nd. Interest booklet free for the asking.

9 Adelaide St. E.
TORONTO

OSTEOPATHIC
DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practising in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

Robert B. Henderson, 48 Canada Life Bldg.
Hubert G. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg.
J. B. Back, 704 Temple Bldg.
Mrs. Adalyn K. Pigott, 152 Bloor St. East.
George W. A. Cook, 109 College St.
F. P. Millard, D. O., 111 Confederation Life Building

THE Minister of the Interior keeps Lord Strathcona informed as to the march of events in Canada. Here are some recent pieces of information sent to our High Commissioner in London, which will be useful eye-openers to the British people as to the scale on which things are being done in this country:

The quantity of grain delivered by farmers at railway points in Western Canada this season exceeded by over 7,000,000 bushels the amount marketed during the corresponding month of last year.

Canadian imports of British goods show a greater increase proportionately than those from the United States. The increase is at the rate of 13 per cent., the total imports being valued at \$69,298,000.

The shipments of apples from the Province of Nova Scotia to markets abroad out of this year's crop amount to 325,000 barrels.

In Ontario 1,500,000 cans of fruit and vegetables were packed during the 12 months ended June 30, the sum paid to growers by the canneries being about \$1,000,000.

Mr. F. W. Peters, assistant freight traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Winnipeg, states that up to the end of October over 72,000 head of cattle had been shipped to Liverpool from Western Canada, which, at an estimate of \$40 each, represents a total

of \$2,880,000. It is expected that before the shipping season closes, a further 10,000 head will be despatched.

German capital is being invested in Canadian enterprises. It may be mentioned that incorporation has been granted to the German Development Company, with a capital of \$3,000,000. This concern proposes to deal in mineral lands, timber limits, and water-powers, and to carry on smelting and refining.

American capitalists have acquired an area in Capilano Valley, British Columbia, containing 200,000,000 feet of timber.

The value of the furs received at Edmonton, Alberta, from the Peace and Mackenzie River districts during the first ten months of the present year is said to exceed \$1,000,000.

The yield of petroleum in the Tilbury East Oil field of Ontario is now estimated at 1,000 barrels a day.

It is estimated that a deposit of iron ore near Port Arthur, Ontario, contains 200,000,000 tons.

The number of branches of chartered banks operating in Canada has increased from 619, in 1900, to over 1,965 in 1906. Seven new chartered banks have been organized during the same period.

The report of a company at Grand Forks, British Columbia, for the year ended June 30 last, showed a production of 19,939,004 pounds of copper, 416,947 ounces of silver, and 50,020 ounces of gold, and that the total amount realized for the same was \$475,105.86.

The "Color Line" Question.

At that old monarchical and stuffy conservative city, London, England, the Methodist Ecumenical Conference was held about five years ago, and was attended by delegates from all parts of the world.

Three white bishops from the Southern States put up at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, one of the most conservative and aristocratic hotels in London. A few days after their arrival a colored bishop arrived and put up at the same hotel. When the white bishops saw the colored man (although a brother Christian) they immediately went to the clerk and said either that "nigger" would have to leave the hotel or they would.

The clerk directed them to the proprietor, who was standing near by. He heard what the white bishops had to say.

"This hotel," he said, "is open to the public, and all we ask is proper conduct and prompt payment of bills. The party you refer to (meaning the colored bishop) has shown himself in every way a gentleman, and I have every reason to believe will meet the monetary requirement at the proper time. It is, therefore, unnecessary for me to tell you that he remains, but you three can leave if you so desire. The clerk will make up your bills."

The same proprietor had occasion to rebuke a well-known multi-millionaire from the United States for extorting promiscuously around the hotel. The multi-millionaire replied:

"I guess I have money enough to do as I d—d please."

The hotel proprietor said nobody had money enough to do as he pleased in that hotel, and requested the clerk to give "this thing" (not considering him a man) his bill. He told the offender that his hotel was open for the accommodation of gentlemen, and he could seek quarters elsewhere.

After all did not the London hotel-keeper exhibit the right spirit? It is certainly not color, but character, that should cause a distinction, particularly in a country supposedly democratic and Christian.

The formation of a Kootenay Historical Society is suggested by The Canadian of Nelson, B.C. This paper points out that there are few written records of the early history of the Kootenay country, which is most interesting. It is suggested that the reminiscences of the old-time settlers and prospectors should be placed on record. These men are rapidly passing away. For example, the death was recently chronicled of Joseph Hardisty, secretary of Lord Strathcona. The despatches mentioned that he was an old employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to most readers his name probably meant nothing. But, before the Oregon treaty deprived the Hudson's Bay Company of its Oregon territory by making that a part of the United States, Joseph Hardisty was in charge of Fort Colville, on the site of the present town of Colville, Wash., and was practically the only ruler of Kootenay and the Big Bend. His recollections, if he has committed any of them to writing would be of engrossing interest to all to whom the story of the winning of the West by the white makes any appeal.

In earlier times many attempts were made to exclude lawyers from Parliament, but they failed. James I, when the Parliament of 1624-25 was to be chosen, urged the people "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who may seek reputation by stirring needless questions." Twenty years later a fiery pamphleteer advised that lawyers be not sent to Parliament, charging that "it were not wisdom to choose mercenary lawyers to make laws, because they are the first men to invent subtleties to evade them and make them useless, and will pen them obscurely on purpose to make themselves work in the interpretation."

This charge, made nearly three hundred years ago in England, is put forward in almost the same words in Canadian school-houses and town halls to-day. Yet the lawyer gets nominated, elected and dominates every parliament and legislature in English-speaking countries.

The man with a bent for politics takes to the study of law; and the practise of law leads, naturally, into politics.

Proofs of Canadian Progress.

THE Minister of the Interior keeps Lord Strathcona informed as to the march of events in Canada. Here are some recent pieces of information sent to our High Commissioner in London, which will be useful eye-openers to the British people as to the scale on which things are being done in this country:

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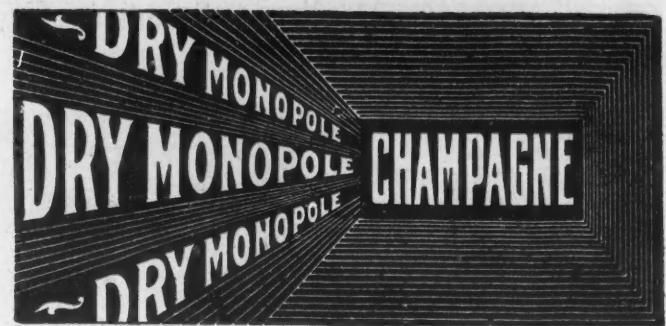
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Norway's famous Arctic explorer, Dr. Fridjof Nansen, is now minister to Great Britain. He is still filled with the adventurous spirit, and asserts that explorers and hunters do not suffer hardships in the wilds but enjoy the life.

A Trick of the Camera.



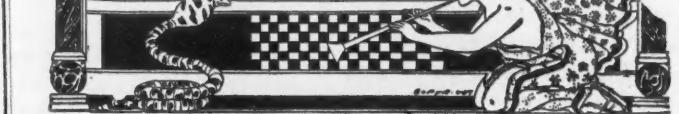
In this photograph the same person is shown apparently at three sides of the table playing cards with himself. Amateur photo by F. W. Bradwin, of the Hamilton Camera Club.



VICHY —
CELESTINS

The only genuine Vichy Water:
property of the French Republic.

Boivin, Wilson & Co. Montreal.
Agents.



There's a Charm in cleanliness. There is beauty in neatness. We keep you well supplied with both at a cost that is ridiculously small compared with the results obtained. Think, your personal appearance is everything to your business and social standing.

"**My Valet**" Fountain, The Tailor CLEANSER and REPAIRER OF CLOTHES.
30 Adelaide Street West.—Phone Main 2074.

Brightness and Freshness
of youth
are preserved to the complexion
by **CRÈME SIMON**
Poudre (Powder) Savon (Soap)



SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE. LOOK OUT FOR THIS BRAND WITH THE BABY ON IT.

FINEST "DIAMOND SET"
PASTE JEWELRY

MOUNTED IN SILVER AND GOLD

AS PATRONIZED BY THE ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE

These productions, though imitative as regards the stones, are **equal** to, and in many cases **surpass**, the generality of **REAL DIAMOND WORK** in beauty of design and skill of workmanship.



LOOK OUT FOR THIS TRADE-MARK
EVERY ARTICLE IS STAMPED WITH IT



Obtainable retail only, through your Jeweler.

To produce really good paste articles requires greater skill than real diamond work because every stone to retain its brilliancy must be set with the minutest care.

Avoid cheap and hurriedly turned out goods, they quickly deteriorate.

Wholesale Agent: R. G. HOW, 204 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.

At the Best Shops.



JAY WING
IN THREE HEIGHTS,
Back 1 1/4 x 2 1/4 Front
" 2 x 2 1/2 "
" 2 1/4 x 2 3/4 "

A FAVORITE MODEL
15c each, 2 for 25c.

THE WILLIAM A. GREENE CO.
WATERLOO - ONTARIO.
Manufacturers of the "GREENE" brand
Shirts and Collars.

Shur-On Eye-glasses

We suggest EYE GLASSES or SPECTACLES for Christmas because there is nothing that gives greater pleasure when fitted nicely.

WE DO IT.

CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.
6 RICHMOND ST. EAST

Shur-On Eye-glasses

TRADE & MANUFACTURERS
For
Winter
Wear
JAEGER PURE
WOOL
Underwear

"Jaeger" Underwear is worth while wearing for what it does—it keeps the skin healthfully active, at an equable warmth under all changes. It prevents chills and promotes the health of the wearer. Made in all sizes for men, women and children. Selling agents in all principal cities. Write for Catalogue No. 31.

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\$4.00 to \$10.00



Bath Gowns, **\$3.00 to \$20.00**
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Sweaters and Toques for Winter Sports.
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DELICIOUS
HALF-AND-HALF

Cosgrave Brewery Co.
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO
And of all License Holders.
Telephone—Park 146.

SONG OF THE SNOWSHOE

EEP in the dale and high on the hill
(Sing ho! for the winter, the winter!)
Crisp lies the snow, and the moon is aglow;
(The winter, O give me the winter!)
Don toque, coat and sash, leave behind all your cash,
For banks you shall meet with in plenty;
Through the wealth they will yield is the health of the field,
And the rigor and vigor of twenty.

Crouched in the pines, the timber wolf whines,
(For, oh, 'tis a hungry cold winter!)
Snug in his lair is the drowsy black bear,
(Sing, ho! for our Canada winter!)
To moccasins tied, our good snowshoes shall glide,
Like skates o'er a frozen smooth river,
Through the bush and the brake, o'er the rush and the lake;
For no hero at zero will shiver.

Is not the moose sufficient excuse?
For rifle and sport in the winter?
Come jog along to the tune of a song,
In praise of the snowshoe and winter!
So heigh-ho for the snow! now away we all go,
Companions jovial and jolly;
With a mind for the chase, a brisk wind in the tace.
And a deer hound, a mere hound and collie.

Hurrah for the moccasin, snowshoe and toque!
Hurrah for the camp-fire, bear steaks and a smoke!
Sing hey for the snowshoe, the snowshoe so fleet!
Sing ho for the snowshoers' rendezvous meet!
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
Over the hill, with the moon as a lamp.
Look at the blaze; yonder's the camp!
"Hi! hi! hello! hel—lo—o—o!"
Comrades are greeting us over the snow!

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Toronto, December, '06.

A Christmas Fable

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

THE Spirit of Christmas spoke to the Heart of a Child saying, "What is my voice to thee, thou whose smile is as the sun unclouded?"

And the Heart of the Child answered and said, "Lo, it is the voice of Promise, the promise that though I dwell in the earth many years and know Sorrow, yet shall I remain young even unto the end. It is the voice of Promise that at the end I shall return whence I came, even as I came, glad of heart and free from guile. It is the voice of my own heart, the Heart of a Child, speaking through the world that men may live together in the spirit of Childhood, that they may know the unsecking love of little children and that Good may triumph in the land and not Evil."

II.

And the Spirit of Christmas smiled in gladness and passed on yet more beautiful than before it had spoken, and came to a place where a youth struggled onward in the battle of Life. And the Spirit of Christmas paused at the shoulder of the youth and spake. The youth hesitated as the sound of the voice fell upon his ears and smiled as one who hears the voice of a friend in a far country. And he turned and smiled into the eyes of the Spirit and his heart was glad.

"What is my voice to thee, Oh thou soldier in the Battle of Life?" asked the Spirit, and the youth spoke gently and said: "Thy voice is to me the voice of home. It is the voice of Gladness and Rejoicing. I hear, in its tones, the sound of sleigh-bells and the laughter of my fellows. I see the warm home-lights upon the snow and I hear the glad carols of the days that were before I fared afield in the Battle of Life. I see now that those who hurry past me on the street strive not, at this season, in the marts of Trade but hasten homeward that they may greet those who there wait for them, where thou art abundantly present."

III.

And the Spirit of Christmas laughed aloud in glee and passed on laughing joyously until it came to a place where a man, with puffed brows, bent over a mass of papers and knew not that the room was deserted of all the other workers and was growing cold.

The Spirit of Christmas paused at his elbow and spoke in a voice jovial with the laughter of its talk with the youth; but the man did not hear. Again the Spirit spoke, but the man motioned impatiently with his hand and bent yet closer over his work. But the Spirit of Christmas spoke still louder and the man stopped and looked up, puzzled who it was that strove to interrupt his work and to linger in the chill unfriendly atmosphere of the room.

"What is my voice to thee, thou toiler of the furrowed brow?" And the man answered bitterly saying "Thy voice is the voice of want, telling me that which I already know too well, that I have lost in the Battle of Life and must needs follow in the train of them who have won, and do their labors. It is the voice of Regret, telling me of folly for that I clung to the visions of my youth nor let them go that my hand might grasp the hand of Opportunity what time it smiled on me with outstretched palm in which was much gold."

The face of the Spirit was suffused with an exceeding tender smile that spoke more of tears than of joy and its

voice was as the chords of distant music when next it spoke, and the man started as he heard.

"What is it now?" asked the Spirit, and something of the sorrow passed from its eyes which still smiled into those of the man. And the man said, "It is nothing. I thought I had heard the voice of my wife who is dead or it was the voice of my child who lives and is lonely even as I am lonely. It is nothing. I was mistaken." But he smiled bravely and, rising from the table which was strewn with papers, set out for the home where the lonely child awaited him, taking with him what small gifts he might. The Spirit followed close and, as they went, the mantle of Care dropped from the man and he smiled again and heard in very truth the voice whose going had left his days without music. And at his home, the light of his smile was reflected in the smile of the child who awaited his coming, and the voice which he had heard went with him into the House which at the sound became a Home.

IV.

And the Spirit of Christmas passed on until it came to an old man who tottered feebly along the way, jostled by the more vigorous wayfarers and it paused close beside him and whispered low. And the old man stopped and turned with a smile upon his face as if he had heard the voice of a friend, well loved but half forgotten. The Spirit spoke to him saying, "Tell me, Oh whose race is almost run, what is my voice to thee?"

And the old man spoke smiling, and he said, "Thy voice is the voice of youth. It calls to me from the past, telling of the youth which is to come. It speaks out of Loneliness in tones of Joy and bids the shadows stand away. It is fused of all the voices that I have loved in life, and most of all it is my mother's voice and I am well content."

And the Spirit of Christmas smiled as it had not yet smiled and its face was gravely glad with a winsome tenderness, and the eyes of the old man smiled back, and the smile was the Smile of a Little Child.

On January 1, the Canadian Department of Marine will take over the Halifax dockyard. The property, which is probably valued at \$3,000,000, consists of some 40 acres along the water-front. It comprises a navy yard, a victualling yard, naval barracks, naval hospital and grounds, burial ground, Admiralty house and grounds, recreation grounds and a dozen wharves. The maintenance of the yards will be strictly in the hands of the Dominion Government, the yards to be open to inspection by the Commander-in-Chief of the North American, West Indies, and particular service squadrons when desired, and are to be available for the repair of His Majesty's ships at any time so far as their facilities admit.

The transfer of the naval station at Esquimalt to the Dominion Government will take place before long.

The sum of \$75,000 has been paid into the treasury of the Province of Quebec by the estate of the late E. B. Eddy as succession duty. It will be remembered that the Government claimed \$254,000 as the amount due from the estate, but there is in all likelihood to be a compromise of some sort whereby the matter in dispute will be settled without recourse to the Superior Court, in which there was an action entered against the E. B. Eddy estate.

Apollinaris

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APOLLINARIS should be the habitual beverage of those suffering from chronic gout, rheumatism, or excessive uric acid.

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Positively the Finest Whisky Imported

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THE BANK OF OTTAWA.

ANNUAL REPORT.

The thirty-second annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank of Ottawa was held on Wednesday, the 12th of December, 1906, in the bank. Among those present were: Messrs. J. Roberts Allan, Newell Bate, R. L. Blackburn, Hon. George Bryson, R. G. Cameron, John Christie, J. M. Courtney, A. H. Edwards, H. K. Egan, A. L. Forbes, J. B. Fraser, W. H. A. Fraser, George Hay, M. Kavanagh, George S. May, A. Masson, W. D. Morris, Denis Murphy, George H. Perley, M. P. S. Piddington, Colin Rankin, C. E. Russell, Louis J. R. Steckel, Sheriff Sweetland, John G. Whyte, James W. Woods, F. W. Wilson.

On the motion of Mr. John Christie, the President, Mr. George Hay, took the chair.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors beg leave to submit to the Shareholders the Thirty-second Annual Report, showing the result of the bank's business for the year ended 30th November, 1906, together with the Balance Sheet at that date.

Balances at Credit of Profit and Loss Account on 30th November, 1905, was \$144,020 97

Net profits for the year ending 30th November, 1906, after deducting expenses of management, and making necessary provision for interest due to depositors, unearned interest on current loans, and for all bad and doubtful debts, and contingencies 425,238 55

\$569,259 52

Appropriated as follows:—

Dividend 60, 5 per cent. paid 1st June, 1906.... \$145,839 42

Dividend No. 61, 5 per cent. payable 1st Dec., 1906.... 149,031 73

Applied in reduction of Bank premises and furniture.... 32,875 42

Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund..... 5,000 00

332,746 57

Balance carried forward at credit of Profit and Loss account..... \$236,512 95

The Rest Account on 30th November, 1905, was..... \$2,500,000 60

To which has been added, Premiums on new stock issued..... 500,000 00

Making the present balance..... \$3,000,000 90

In addition to the Branches which your Directors contemplated opening as indicated in the last Annual Report, offices of the Bank have been established during the year at Beachburg, Haileybury, Perth and Westmeath, in the Province of Ontario, and a sub-office to the Fort Coulonge Branch at Campbell's Bay, Quebec. Arrangements are nearly completed for the opening of offices at Tisdale, in the northern part of Saskatchewan, and on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Bank Street, in the City of Ottawa.

The extension to the Main Office on Wellington Street, Ottawa, has been completed during the year, and it was also found necessary to enlarge the premises at Renfrew.

Buildings owned by the Bank are in the course of erection for the occupation of the Branches at Prince Albert, Kempton, Tisdale, and at the corner of Bank and Gloucester Streets, Ottawa.

Your Directors recommend that in future the dividends paid by the Bank shall be distributed quarterly, and that the interest due to depositors having interest bearing accounts be credited four times a year.

The fractional and other unallotted shares arising out of the last issue of new Capital have been sold at a satisfactory price, tenders having been called for by public notice. The amount received therefrom, over \$200 per share, is included in the profits of the year.

The usual careful inspections of the Head Office and Branches have been made during the year, and the Directors bear willing testimony to the faithful manner in which the officers of the Bank have performed the duties assigned to them.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEORGE HAY,
President.

General Statement of Liabilities and Assets

As on 30th November.

LIABILITIES.

1905. 1906.
Notes in circulation..... \$2,523,279.04 \$2,825,400.00
Deposits bearing interest..... 15,254,291.88 19,488,739.00
Deposits not bearing interest..... 2,694,975.61 3,624,860.76

Deposits made by, and balances due to, other Banks in Canada..... 17,889,267.47 23,114,689.76

Banks in Canada..... 90.00 13,920.05

Capital (paid up)..... 2,500,000.00 \$20,312,636.47 \$25,964,009.81

Reserve..... 2,500,000.00 3,000,000.00

Dividend paid per share payable 1st December..... 1,500,000.00 1,500,000.00

Reserve for interest and exchange..... 14,010.00 41,832.00

Balance on current discounts..... 66,722.00 72,562.00

Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward..... 144,020.97 \$5,349,752.97 236,512.95 \$6,499,928.68

\$25,562,389.44 \$39,453,938.49

ASSETS.

Specie..... \$610,982.96 \$736,456.38

Deposits with Dominion Government for security and circulation..... 1,528,939.00 1,921,833.25

Notes of and Cheques on other Banks..... 125,000.00 150,000.0



Christmas in the Ward

FESTIVITIES OF THE PAST WEEK AT THE ELIZABETH STREET SCHOOL, TORONTO—HOW EDUCATION IS POPULARIZED IN THE CONGESTED DISTRICT OF THE CITY—LITTLE FOREIGNERS MADE HAPPY.

By W. F. WIGGINS

THE past week has been a round of rejoicing for the youngsters of "the Ward" who attend Elizabeth street school, for on every night but this one some of them have been romping round a Christmas tree, dining at long tables, eating dainties that many of them see but once a year, making their fingers sticky with "all-day suckers," hugging cute little dolls, winding up miniature trains, and generally having a good time with their toys.

It was a rather strenuous week for the teachers, but none of them are in the hospital as yet. The teachers of Elizabeth street school are a band of women who do not easily tire nor grow weary in well doing. They do far more than teach the youngsters how to read and write and calculate—they show them both by example and precept how to live. And after all that's the real teaching. Therefore it is that the Christmas season is one of mirth and gladness for even the most miserable of the poor little tots who never find their stockings full when they wake on Christmas morn, never sink their teeth into a delicious bit of turkey or get busy with a heaped-up plate of plum pudding.

Early in the week one room in the school was almost crammed with Christmas gifts. They came from all over the city, anonymously and with cards, and they ranged in value from nearly \$100 to less than a copper. Some of the gifts were unique, some were useful, and some were merely toys. Queen Victoria school, in Parkdale, sent almost five hundred bundles of goods, a bundle from each family represented in that school. Most of the gifts were articles of clothing, but there were many books and any amount of toys. Two classes from Huron street school sent dolls and toys and clothing. Many other schools contributed likewise. The young ladies of St. Margaret's College remembered their younger and less fortunate little sisters and sent a number of dolls prettily dressed. Two former pupils of the school, "old boys," as Miss How, the principal, called them, dropped in on the teachers and asked if they might send around a pail of candies for the kiddies. The two chaps are now in business in Toronto, are prospering well, and for the memory of the good old days at school they wished to help make the youngsters happy. The pail of candies came and were duly consumed. The students at the Model School sent a box of new toys. It's an annual affair with them. A well-known hardware merchant, too modest to let his name be known, sent a few dozen jackknives for the boys, and his daughter brought along a load of gifts that cost over \$50. Trustee Rawlinson brought to the school a number of pretty dolls, dressed by his daughter. Somebody who does not believe in letting his left hand know what his right one doeth sent a big case of oranges. And so the list goes on, *ad infinitum*.

On account of the grading of the school it is necessary to hold several entertainments. Therefore, the round of rejoicing was spread over the whole week, with the exception of Saturday.

One of the most unique and original events was the kindergarten concert on Monday evening. The kindergarten class is a most interesting collection of one hundred and fifty children ranging in age from two to six years. In it are the children of some of the poorest people in Toronto, the people who invariably have the largest families. One little fellow of six years could point out four of his brothers and sisters who were also at the entertainment. All were quite independent and could toddle around alone. Some of the children were arrayed in the garments sent them by other schools. These cast-offs were better than their own clothes.

MISS Jessie Peuchen, a little four-teen-year-old lady, heard from the lips of Miss Jackson, her Sunday School teacher the tale of the woes of the children of the Ward. Miss Jackson is one of the kindergarten directresses, and she knows. The girl's heart was filled with pity for the little tots, when she compared her fortunate lot with theirs. She went home and told her father, Major Peuchen, about it all, and he saw that she wanted to do something for them. "I'll give you \$50, Jessie," he said, "and with it you may give them a tea-party." Jessie was delighted, and she

"Sweet" and "Low," and musical critics would be surprised to hear the delicately shaded tone of the three hundred childish voices in this exquisite little lyric.

A little later they showed the volume of their voices in the "Glory Song," which was sung with a swing from start to finish.

A little negro boy, his head a mass of curls, was then called from the front row to play a mouth-organ solo, and though he had difficulties with the tune he did very well.

A curious feature of the programme was the recitation of Biblical verses from both the old and new testaments, by both Jewish and Gentile children.

Then came the presentation of prizes. Charles Robertson and Henry Deer were called to the front and presented with silver medals, given by Mrs. Bartlett, the mother of Trustee C. A. B. Brown.

These boys had been chosen for this honor by vote of the school, the teachers deeming it wisest to take this method of awarding the prizes. Both boys were overwhelmingly in the lead when the result of the poll was announced. The basis of competition was for general good character, manliness, honor, truthfulness, gentleness and politeness.

The girls had a similar contest, and Gladys Prest and Edith Relf were awarded the belt-buckles offered by Inspector Hughes.

The love and respect in which the children hold Miss How and Mrs. Warburton was evidenced by the bursts of applause at the mere mention of their names, and when Tom Ringaum, a boot-black, employed in a down-town barber shop, and a former pupil of Mrs. Warburton, came forward with presents for the teachers, his appearance caused immense enthusiasm. Tom couldn't forget his old school and his teacher.

The unselfishness of the children was shown when the tree was unloaded. Every article on it had been made by the hands of the pupils, and they gave the gifts to parents, friends, school mates and the trustees present. Even the newspaper men were not forgotten. Some of the wood carving executed by the children evoked much praise from the trustees, who all got samples of it. That it is better to give than to receive was proven by the happiness of those hundreds of children when they saw their work appreciated.

An English teacher, one of the visiting Moseley delegation, was so struck with what he saw that before leaving he gave Inspector Hughes a \$5 note to be used by the school in some practical way.

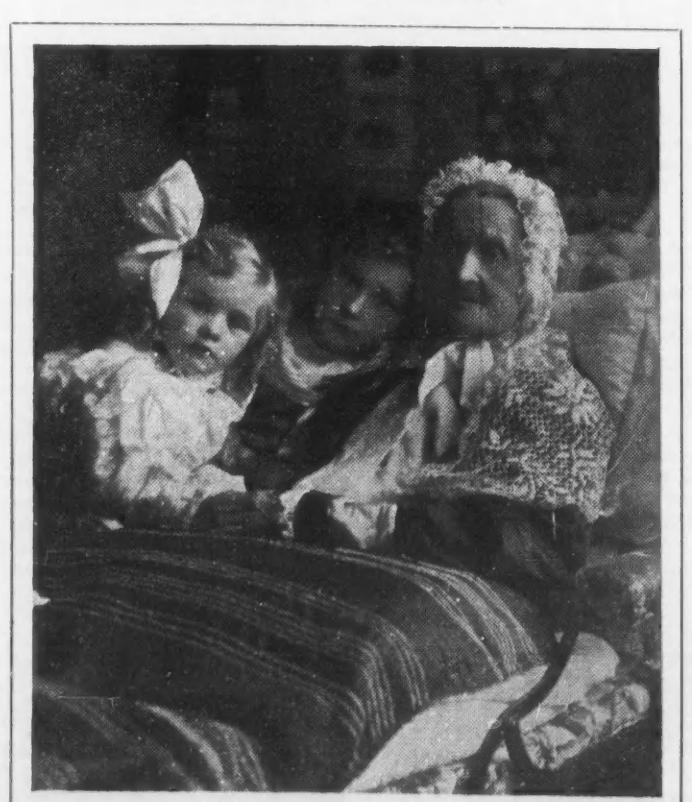
Then came the closing moments. "The Lord's Prayer," announced Mr. Hughes, and softly, sweetly, those three hundred voices chanted the words of the prayer masterpiece. Their voices swelled upward when they reached the "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory," dying away almost to a whisper in the final "Amen." It was a marvel to hear those children of the slums sing with such tenderness and feeling.

On Wednesday the pupils had their own private Christmas tree, when the many gifts for themselves were distributed.

On Thursday night Trustee Parkinson's Bible Class gave fifty of them a turkey dinner in St. Giles' Presbyterian Church, and on Friday night another fifty were entertained to a turkey feed in Chalmers' Church.

Heads of great men all remind us. If we go the proper gait, We may get up of a morning With a head that's just as great.

—Smart Set.



MRS. OSLER AND TWO OF HER GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

CHRISTMAS EVE

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas
hearth;

The silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell on Christmas Eve.

The Yule-log sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept;
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winter's lett behind,
Again our ancient games had place;

The mimic picture's breathing
grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-
blind.

Who show'd a token of distress?
No single tear, no mark of pain;
O sorrow—then can sorrow wane?
O grief—can grief be changed to less?

O lost regret—regret can die!
No; mixed with all this mystic
frame,

Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Mrs. Osler's Centenary.

ON Friday, December 14, Mrs. Featherston Osler of Toronto celebrated her one hundredth birthday. Mrs. Osler is probably the most truly notable woman in Canada. No man can accomplish much whose mother does not possess character and those other qualities upon which all distinction or true success depend. And the women who exert the greatest influence are those who send out into the world sons richly endowed with these qualities. Mrs. Osler is the mother of a remarkable family. The sons include the late B. B. Osler, Q.C., one of the ablest of Canadian lawyers; Dr. William Osler, regius professor of medicine at the University of Oxford; Mr. Justice Featherston Osler of the Ontario Court of Appeal, and Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., a well-known financier.

Mrs. Osler has six children living, twenty-six grandchildren and twenty-one great-grandchildren. Many of these were present at the birthday celebration on Friday of last week.

Congratulations are being offered to this wonderful old lady, not only by her relatives and friends, but by the press of the country. The Mayor of Toronto has sent her an official greeting, and she has received messages from the Woman's Canadian Historical Society and other organizations rejoicing that she is still in good health and in the possession of all her faculties at her remarkable age.

Mrs. Osler is the widow of the late Rev. Featherston Osler, rector of Dundas and Flamborough. She was born in Cornwall, England, on December 14, 1806. Her husband was the pioneer missionary of the Church of England in Western Canada, having been sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1838. In 1882 Mr. Osler retired from public work, and he and his wife came to live in Toronto. Mr. Osler's death took place in 1895.

She—"What makes you think Jones won't make a good golfer?"

He—"Well, every time he misses the ball he merely says, 'Tut-tut.'"

"Whereabouts was Sam Simpson's son hurt, doctor?"

"He was injured in the lumber region."

"I want to know! Tree fell on 'im, I s'pose!"—Judge.

THE HOUSE
COMMITTEE
(Registered)



A Present Worth Making

Good Furs can never be surpassed as gifts. Men and women alike admire the richness and beauty of well selected, stylish fur garments. A present worth making and one worth being very glad at receiving, would be one of these:

Sealskin Jacket, \$225.00 to \$650.00
Persian Lamb Jacket, \$85.00 to \$225.00
Mink Set, \$50.00 to \$250.00
Ermine Set, \$75.00 to \$250.00
Chinchilla Sets, \$90.00 to \$350.00
Hudson Bay Sable Set, \$90.00 to \$750.00

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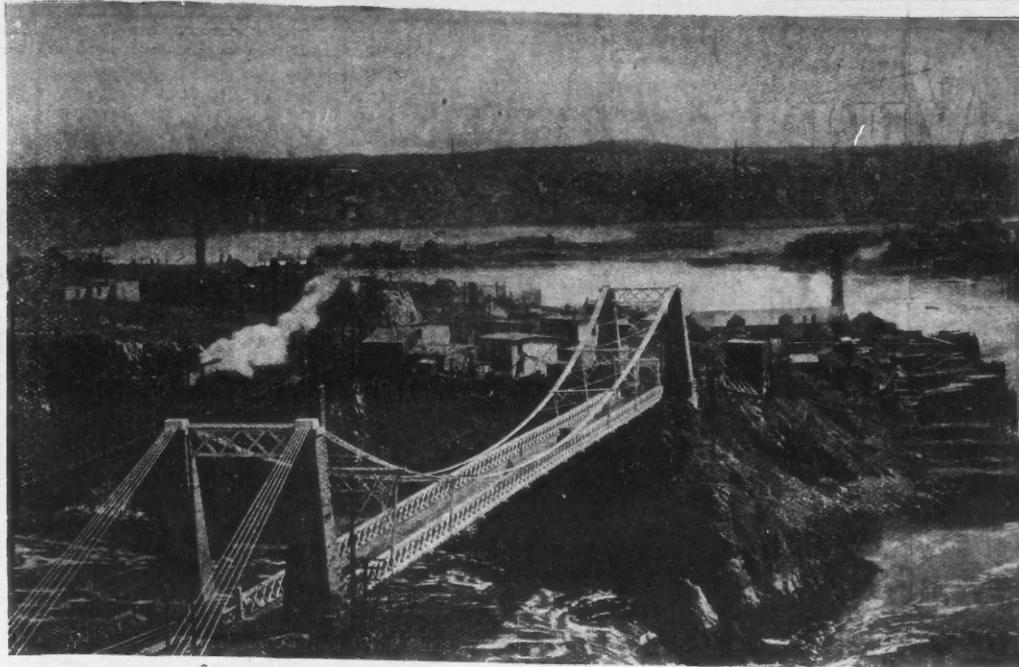
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EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

William Junior

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GLASS

TORONTO



SCENE AT ST. JOHN, N.B., CITY IN THE DISTANCE.

A USEFUL AND DESERVING INSTITUTION

Oinstitution in Toronto, perhaps, is more worthy of generous support than the Hospital for Incurables. The mutability of all things human is nowhere more strongly in evidence. People who were once healthy, people upon whom fortune once smiled, are now there, not living, but patiently existing, victims of incurable disease. The Board of Management of the hospital has recently issued an appeal to the patrons of the institution and to the public generally for the means required for the building of an extension to the premises, made necessary by the increasing number of applications for admission.

An inmate of the Hospital for Incurables, John Harrison, has written a letter to the President of the Board, in which he outlines the fine work being done, the kindness with which the inmates are treated, and the deserving character of the enterprise. To all who are concerned in the alleviation of human suffering, his letter, parts of which are here quoted, must appeal strongly:

After suffering for nearly fifteen years from a growing disease of a neurotic character, which has left me a cripple for life, and after an experience of some five years in various institutions, such as hospitals, mineral baths, cheap hotels, infirmaries and boarding houses, and for the last eighteen months in this institution, I can truthfully and thankfully say that for a person afflicted with a malady pronounced "incurable," there is, in my opinion, no better place on this continent for comfort and kindly, Christian attention than the Toronto Hospital for Incurables.

After a careful and conservative estimate of the cost, to one in my condition, of living anywhere outside an institution organized for the purpose, I find that the care and attention received in the hospital would cost not less than fifteen dollars weekly.

Take the large number of cases similar to mine now in the hospital, have them distributed individually in boarding houses, as I was situated, and each one would require a man specially engaged for the many little services necessary to comfort and sanitary requirements in such cases.

Now, here in this institution, specially organized and fully equipped for the work, a few men, engaged and trained for the purpose, can attend to the requirements of all, to the entire satisfaction of all, and the expense is distributed among all. We have a requisite number of trained nurses, whose kindly and sympathetic interest in their work is manifest in their readiness at all hours, day and night, to respond to every call of those requiring their services.

Our physical, moral and spiritual needs are well attended to; our rational amusement and recreation liberally provided for; and so, with the work systematized, the comforts of the hospital generalized and the expense of it all minimized, and the whole under the supervision of an experienced and highly efficient lady superintendent and staff, the peculiar suitability of this institution as a refuge and home for the afflicted must be obvious to all.

A word as to my particular case may serve to illustrate the condition and circumstances of many others suffering from similar complaints, and to show how much benefit may come to the afflicted from the simple, practical and truly Christian enterprise of those who believe they serve the Master best in doing service for their suffering fellow creatures. I claim, and am a living witness to the justice of the claim, that though in

poor health, an individual can make more physical, moral, mental and spiritual advance in this institution than when drifting around outside in the hurly-burly of the struggle for existence, and here I want to show particularly that all who come here do not necessarily come to die. We must all die sometime, and I know of no better place from which to set out upon the eternal journey than from the Toronto Hospital for Incurables. Many come to die and do die, because many are practically dead before they come. There seems to be among the sick an indefinite dread of coming, which I would, if possible, clear away. I came here to live and I am living, and after a year and a half of constant improvement I am living in better health to-day than I have enjoyed for twenty years.

Taking into consideration the condition in which most patients come to the hospital, in proportion to number, more die outside than inside this institution. Why? Because they get better attention and professional care inside and consequently live longer. I am speaking now of the poor, or even the moderately well-to-do, those who cannot afford high-priced nursing and medical attention. We have patients who have lived here for over twenty years, and who, though like myself incapacitated for manual labor through crippling of limbs, otherwise enjoy fairly good health, and are in some cases able to do light work about the premises, as all who are able are expected to do.

A short, nervous man, holding in his hand a paper, entered the office of the prominent specialist.

"Ah, good morning, sir. You remember me. I was one of your patients!"

"Perfectly, sir. Be seated!"

"I have just received your bill."

"Yes, sir."

The patient waved the paper excitedly.

"I have come to ask you for an explanation. This bill, sir, is four times as much as it ought to be. It's twice as much as I can pay."

The great specialist looked sympathetically.

"It is possible," he muttered, "that I have made a mistake? No. That is correct. It's all right!"

"Now, sir," exclaimed the other man, "let me tell you something. I knew you charged high. I knew you also went by appearances. And so, when I came to you, I made a point of wearing my oldest and shabbiest clothes. I did it on purpose. How, sir, can you, in view of the fact, dare to present me with such a whanging bill?"

"That's why I did it."

"Why you did it!"

The great specialist smiled.

"Certainly, sir," he replied. "I assumed that no one but a millionaire could afford to wear such poor clothes as that."—Life.

The liquidator is bound to take notice of all claims filed, but will re-

The York Loan Liquidation
HOW MUCH AND WHEN?

SHAREHOLDERS all over Canada are interested in the liquidation of the York County Loan Company, and, as the National Trust Company, which has the work in hand, has filed a report at Osgoode Hall, the main items of information will prove interesting to many.

The liquidator finds it difficult to make any estimate of the value of the assets, as the greater portion of same is composed of real estate, the value of which will be affected by causes which cannot be accurately foretold. An estimate has, however, been made of the assets of the estate, the same being valued upon a conservative basis, and it is hoped that the realizations will be more favorable than estimated.

The statement is as follows:

Balance on hand	\$112,732.21
Improved properties	90,000
Stocks and bonds	50,000
Vacant land	900,000
Miscellaneous assets	2,500
Mortgages and agreements	113,832.18
Loans on company's stock	50,000
<hr/>	
	\$1,319,064.39

THE LIABILITIES.

The liquidator begs to report as to the liabilities of the estates as follows:

Great difficulty has been experienced in ascertaining the claims against the company, and in having same property filed and scheduled. This work has, however, now been completed, and the schedules have been filed with the court. The liquidator, by the courtesy of the banks, was able to offer to the shareholders exceptional facilities for the filing of their claims, but, unfortunately, some thirty thousand shareholders either refused or neglected to send in their books and certificates, the result being that the liquidator was forced to write up that number of claims from the company's somewhat complicated and imperfect records. The books and certificates of each shareholder have been audited, filed separately, and classified into twenty-six groups, in order that the court may be able to make such direction as may be deemed advisable, as to the questions at issue between the various classes of shareholders.

The claims filed with the company show the following results:

	No. of claims.	Amount.
Shareholders ..	114,749	\$4,074,854.93
Employees' claims ..	1,321	19,501.86
General claims ..	100	18,275.83
<hr/>		
	116,170	\$4,112,632.62

The liquidator is bound to take notice of all claims filed, but will re-

commend to the court the disallowance of a very large number, by reason of the shares having lapsed, or having been pledged for borrowings, and for other causes which cannot here be set out in detail.

It looks as if about 30 cents on the dollar might be realized. But it seems improbable that the court will for a considerable time authorize the payment of a dividend.

The "Playful" Miss Direct

[Note.—The opinion of the press is that the crying need of the times is a class of directors who will direct.]

MY name is Miss Direct, you know, And I am all the rage; My story's known throughout the land—

"Tis told on every page.

If to my name you add "o" "r," And then omit the "Miss," I then shall be what now I'm not—"Director"—writ like this.

As Miss Direct I'm "singular," But not so very "strange." If to "o" "r" you add an "s" You then effect a change.

That makes of me a varied host, Who should direct, but don't; "What! Give up our time to 'business'?"

No, indeed we won't.

Now, to my name add "i" "n" "g"; Put "m" "i" "s" before; You then shall learn what's going on Behind the office door.

"T" "n" before direct is what My answer's sure to be, If you ask why I do not stop This living recklessly.

I've wrecked some hopes, some lives, I know, But what is that to me? If you had added to my name Two letters—"e" and "d,"

I should have done as you desired, Nor deemed it waste of time To tend to meetings, scan the books, And thus prevented crime.

So Miss Direct, you see, is not The only one to blame. You know my weakness, and should guard Yourself against the same.

But there's a way to bring reform Ere further time has sped. A maid I am, and, like my sex, 'Tis my desire to wed.

So Miss Direct, you see, is not The only one to blame. You know my weakness, and should guard Yourself against the same.

But there's a way to bring reform Ere further time has sped. A maid I am, and, like my sex, 'Tis my desire to wed.

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But there's a way to bring reform Ere further time has sped. A maid I am, and, like my sex, 'Tis my desire to wed.

SHE—Hello! dearie, home so soon?

He—Yes, my love. I came back early because I have bought you some lovely chocolates. They are the very best. Guess whose make they are.



SHE—Oh, how perfectly sweet of you. Of course, if they are the best, they must be

Fry's

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

WEIR WARDROBE CO., OF CANADA, Limited
MOUNT FOREST, ONTARIO

ternoon when a nursemaid approached and bought the first and only gold piece that was disposed of, in order to quiet a crying infant.—Sunday Magazine.

"Do you expect to get money out of that mine?"

"No," answered the conscienceless promoter. "Not out of the mine. Out of the subscribers to stock."—Washington Star.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Dr. Fourthly indulges a good deal in hyperbole."

"I've been thinkin' that same

thing," replied her hostess. "Land sakes! I should think a man with as much sense as him would leave these French drinks alone."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It is when we stop playing that we begin to grow old.—Life.

Winter in the Tropics.

There is no more delightful winter resort than Jamaica, the Queen of the Antilles. For illustrated programme of tour write Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.



"Mummy, what's that Man for?"

—Punch.



SPORTING COMMENT

THE Henley stewards have very definite ideas as to who are fit and proper persons to compete under their auspices, and are not at all backward about putting their opinions into effect. Their unique position as the final court in control of the destinies of a regatta at which all the world is proud to compete, renders their decisions far-reaching in effect and gives the object of their verdicts little chance for appeal.

The latest victims to feel the chastening rod of their displeasure are our sportive cousins across the line, who in the future will have to play according to Hoyle or they won't be allowed in. The stewards unanimously passed a resolution debarring American crews from competing at Henley till the National Amateur Association of the United States is prepared to enter into an agreement with the Henley authorities similar to the ones now in force with rowing clubs on the Continent and in Canada. More in sorrow than in anger have they done it, but it stands just the same.

It will be remembered that the Vesspers of Philadelphia journeyed to the Paris Exposition, and there won a so-called world's championship from an assorted collection of crews from the back townships of Europe, and looking forth for more worlds to conquer, they happened upon Henley, where they were well and truly bumped. After their return from this unsuccessful quest, certain sinister charges were made against some of their number, which charges, up to the present, have gone unrefuted. These things have doubtless gone a long way towards bringing the stewards to their present frame of mind, and until their conditions are complied with there is no chance for an American crew to churn the placid waters of Father Thames.

It must be galling to American rowing men in general when they reflect on the things that rendered this decision necessary, and if they have any pride in their sport at all will take steps to subscribe to the conditions specified, and help to clear the air generally.

The completed schedule for the different sections of the O.H.A. are nearly all in, and by the end of the month the big show will be on. Of course there have been a few squawks of discontent from sundry places that did not approve of the sections they were placed in, but in an association consisting of such a large number of clubs, it is impossible to deal out a slice of the white meat to everyone. In many cases the task of the conveners of the different districts has been a very heavy one, but the evident disposition of the majority of clubs to put up with a little inconvenience for the benefit of the schedule has resulted in a compact draw that barring the unforeseen, should work out in good shape.

It is unfortunate that Barrie and Meaford, who were always strong contenders in their districts, should be without the pale, but they have no one to thank but themselves. The notorious Barrie case of last year is still fresh in the memory. Not content to submit to punishment for their indiscretions, they committed the crowning folly of rushing to the courts in a futile endeavor to bullyrag the ruling body. It must be apparent to every officer and player in the association that is a very shortsighted policy to attempt to introduce stunts not sanctioned in the bylaws, and the sooner this is realized the better it will be for all concerned.

No one will make the claim that the work of the executive has been free from error. Bodies are subject to the same failings as their individual members, but it is just as true that the effort and influence of the O.H.A. has and will be for the best interests of the game. Moreover, despite murmurings in some quarters and whoops of defiance in others, the O.H.A. will be flourishing like a green Bay tree when these other sporadic half-and-half leagues are shuffled into the discard.

A Great Golf Foursome

EXT to the great foursome of last season between Vardon and Taylor and Braid and Herd, the greatest golf four some that ever was played, writes Henry Leach in *The Tatler*, way that took place fifty-seven years ago between Allau Robertson and old Tom Morris on the one side and the famous brothers Dunn on the

referees supplied there. They hand out the O.H.A. variety there and this rouses the ire of honest Hod to fever heat. List to his moan:

"Last year they had 'Chaucer' Elliott, who was not bad, and Doc. Gibson. This year they are all rotten. I can get more money here but I want to play hockey, not shinny, such as the O.H.A. puts up." This puts the O.H.A. just where it belongs. And mark you the delicate allusion to "Chaucer" Elliott. No fulsome flattery is there, but the sober restrained tribute that must be infinitely comforting to its recipient.

But this is not all. Let us pluck another fragrant blossom of thought: "They could not offer me money enough here to go through what I went through last year in this league. Everybody had a slur at me (whatever that means) and I could not lift my stick off the ice. I never took my stick off the ice, except in shooting, all winter and never checked a man with the stick." Here is the worthy Hod's vagrant fancy takes leave of earth and floats through the rose-tinted clouds of romance. The only other explanation is that some vile imposter masqueraded all last winter under his name and dealt out all those short-arm jolts that stand to his credit. In any case, the next instalment of "The Life and Times of Hod Stuart" ought to meet with a great reception from the discriminating public.

• • •

Hockey has taken deep root at St. John's, Newfoundland. The members of the different clubs show considerable skill and science. The Terra Novas held sway for two or three years, but last year lost the championship. In 1905 the pick of St. John's hockey players defeated a crack team from New Brunswick. Last year, owing to the mildness of the winter, the games were not well contested, and several attempts to get a team from the Maritime Provinces to compete with a St. John's team failed.

Criquet was played a great deal in earlier years but has died out of late, but baseball, lacrosse and rugby have not yet been introduced. As a lot of young fellows are now at college in Canada these games will no doubt flourish in the old colony. The chief sports are association football, lawn tennis, hockey and boat racing. Long distance running, now so popular in Ontario, was introduced in St. John's during the present year and proved quite a success.

• • •

Two fine panthers were shot a few days ago on Vancouver Island. Mr. W. E. Green and his two nephews, Walter and Vernon Green of Vancouver, were hunting on the Island, between Nanaimo and Alberni, and bagged two of these animals, male and female. Late at night, Walter Green shot the first of the two panthers. He saw it approaching and waited for it, fetching it at thirty yards with one charge from his shotgun. The male was treed next morning, and was brought down with a shot from a rifle by Mr. Vernon Green. The male measured eight feet nine inches from tip to tip, and the female eight feet. The animals are the largest ever shot in the neighborhood. The skins have been brought to Vancouver and the Government bounty claimed.

• • •

Photographing caribou herds on the move for biograph pictures, is the latest. Mr. W. D. Hinds and the officers of the American Biograph Co., who were here on a hunting and photographing trip about two weeks ago, says *The News*, of St. John's, Newfoundland, have returned to the States. In writing in an American paper they express themselves as being highly delighted with the trip, having secured all the caribou they wanted and also a splendid lot of pictures of the live caribou in their native haunts. They have also a large number of striking scenes of caribou in motion, suitable for the biograph. They believe they have the only genuine pictures of the kind ever shown. Five Newfoundland guides accompanied the party, which went 37 miles up Red Indian Lake. They have 27 live caribou in one photo secured there, including a fine stag. As it raced along the shore of the lake it received the death wound, dropped, recovered, and finally died in the water.

• • •

The man who can keep a full and correct daily expense account that he can look in the face years afterward without blushing is either a misplaced angel or a shameless rogue. Most people, set at the task of amusing children, do the thing that most amuses themselves and think how stupid the children are for not enjoying it.

The world never looks altogether bad to the man with a brand-new shade.

A great many married couples have nothing in common but their children.

Most people who pose as martyrs because they are hopelessly "misunderstood" are merely smarting from the discovery that somebody has seen clear through them.

The man who claims to have risen superior to egotism has merely taken the thirty-third degree in that characteristic.

The exacting sort of love that demands everything gets, ultimately, nothing.—*Chicago News*.

• • •

The daring explorer had reached the North Pole.

"Well, which way now?" asked his assistant.

The explorer looked irresolutely around the horizon.

"Dashed if I know!" he muttered. Then his brow cleared.

"Can't you see?" he said. "We've found all the north there is. We'll have to go south."

Merely stopping long enough to eat another dog, the party started in the general direction of the South Pole.—*Chicago Tribune*.

• • •

Parvenu—Oh, yes, you have a fine echo here, but it cannot compare with the one on my estate. It adds. If I call out "five and five," the echo answers "ten."—Translated from *Le Journal Amusant*.

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THE TRICK THAT TRIUMPHED

By
Alfred
Slade

ARMYTAGE was what his friends called eccentric, and his relatives condemned as queer. Although he was a young author, I do not think he assumed this eccentricity as a lever for his reputation; it must have come to him naturally through an hereditary kink in his constitution. For his father had been a newspaper editor. It was only in a slight degree that Armitage's eccentricity showed itself in his writings. His leaders were as ordinary as a stencil-plate; his verses might have passed muster on a Christmas card. But in his novels one could see the taint; he always married his hero and heroine in the last chapter, and they lived happily ever afterwards. And nowadays that is a fatal fault; it is only after marriage that developments, and those disagreeable, ensue at all.

But his queerness was principally noticeable in his clothes, which were, to say the least of it, absolutely disgraceful. They always seemed too large and full of creases, especially his boots; he insisted on wearing a flannel shirt, and abhorred a stiff collar; and the very next day after his wedding he had thrown his new silk hat into the dust-bin, and had positively refused to buy another.

He was not mean at all; everything his wife wanted, or only thought she wanted, he gave her at once. She was a shining light to the neighbourhood in the matter of delightful robbing; the very latest word in Parisian *chic*. When she passed down the street other women would rush to the windows and gaze through the curtains; and as soon as she had turned the corner they would withdraw with a sigh and break their hearts all the afternoon trying to copy her hat.

This elegance only made the contrast of Armitage all the more distressing; by her side he appeared dingy to the last degree; as she herself once exclaimed in a moment of choler he looked like a perennial fifth of November. Armitage was in no way disconcerted; his costume was part of his philosophy. He passed off the matter thus: "My clothes are baggy, granted; but they are at least comfortable. I wear a flannel shirt; it does not check the circulation of my blood, and my neck is at ease. My boots are roomy; I can walk ten miles without feeling it, and I never suffer from corns. I like a soft felt hat; there are no red rims round my forehead, nor signs of my hair falling off."

It was in vain that Mrs. Armitage protested. She told him he was a disgrace to the honored profession of literature that he belonged to; he said he knew it already. She averred that people all laughed at him; he answered that he was glad to be a cause of such innocent enjoyment. She shrieked that she would go home to her mother; he laughed that he knew she would not, for she was far too fond of him. In despair she burst into tears, and sobbed that he did not love her any more; he only took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

So she was forced to resort to strategy; and after many headache afternoons of contemplation at last hit on a plan. Every Friday Armitage went down to Fleet street to take lunch with one of his editors and bring away the guineas due. His wife timed him, and one morning followed him; lunched while he lunched, in another restaurant near; waited till he was coming home and had got nearly as far as Somerset House.

Then she looked about for an innocent accomplice, in which matter Fortune—or was it Providence?—helped her considerably. For an esteemed householder of Tooting had come that morning to search the records of births; he had brought his eldest son up for the outing, which youth, a precocious prig of twenty, was walking up and down outside, where he had been about an hour, and was likely to remain for another.

Mrs. Armitage addressed him, and speedily got cognizance of these facts; and continuing her talk in a motherly way, at last grew into confidences.

"Would you like to do me a favor?" she said.

"Yes," stammered the other, "if it is nothing wrong, you know."

"Of course not," with a smile. "I want you to help me in my work of charity. I see so much misery around me in the streets, and I do my best to relieve it. But when a lady is alone with these poor rough men that she seeks to assist it is sometimes embarrassing. You must feel that, I am sure."

"Certainly," answered the goose from Tooting, with the air of much superior knowledge.

"Whereas a man, like you, you

know, could do these things without being noticed."

"Of course," assented the man of the world.

"May I make you, then, my almoner? See, here are some coppers; you must distribute them among the poor persons you think deserving."

"I will do so with pleasure; it is my duty to relieve the sufferings of others."

"What a good young man you are! Why, look! here comes a poor man to commence on. How wretchedly he is clad, and how hungry he looks! I am sure you cannot find a more worthy object for our charity."

"I will give him a penny; if he had more he might be tempted to spend it in drink."

"You are quite right. Now I must go. Good morning, and thank you so much."

And she ran across the road

ensconced herself at the first-floor window of a teashop, and awaited results with much inward chuckling.

Armitage sailed into view; his clothes seemed more disreputable than ever; and as he had just found a new idea for a story, and was worrying it into a plot, his face looked a good deal more mournful than that of an ordinary starving beggar.

He suddenly felt a pressure on his arm; it was the young gentleman from Tooting.

"Poor man!" said he, in a sad sympathetic voice, "here is a penny."

Armitage beamed into a smile; he had got his plot pat; quite abstractedly he took the penny the other held out.

"What has brought you to this sad plight?" asked the agent of charity.

"Are you an incorrigible drunkard, or did you make one false step and have to go to gaol?"

Armitage looked around dazily: "What the—," he commenced; but his benefactor interrupted him, all the more unctuously as already there was a small crowd assembled around.

"Do not thank me," he cried. "I only do my duty. Stay, here is another penny; but, I implore you, do not spend it in debauch."

Armitage was trying to remember where he was; whether he was mad, or only dreaming. The crowd increased; for it is astonishing in this London of ours, where everyone is so busy and the world walks so fast, how many people can be found to stop and look at something that does not concern them in the least.

"Poor fellow!" groaned one of the multitude, "how hungry he looks! It's a long time, I expect, since he has tasted food."

Which fallacy Armitage's breath could at once have belied; but charity, though it begins at home, never stops anywhere else afterwards.

"Come on, old man," said the merchant who sold matches farther down the road, "you and me'll go into Lockhart's and have a 'Yarmouth steak'."

Armitage turned round wearily: "I hardly think," he remarked, "that my intellect is equal to the strain of the conversation."

"Just listen to 'im!" commented a newsboy on the outskirts. "I lay he's been a clergyman or something."

"Or a haector," said a sandwich man who had a good deal of experience in his way.

A policeman now forced his way to the front, and was eyeing Armitage with a suspicious glare. "Move along, please," he said, nudging everyone round him.

"Do not hurt him," protested the young philanthropist; "he is weak and not used to kindness. He will be better by-and-bye."

A corpulent city man hustled up, "You come to my offices to-morrow," he said, "and I'll give you a job as a light porter," and he left his card in the astonished author's outstretched hand, which still contained the two pennies.

"He's a fake, he is!" cried an itinerant musician in a straw hat and an ebony countenance, "a blooming professional fraud!" And a mendicancy officer who was passing stopped to lend a hand.

"If you like," he observed, "you can come to one of our shelters for a bit. You get your bed and breakfast, and it's better than sleeping on the Embankment."

"Why don't he go to Westminster?" again interrupted the minstrel of Ethiopia; "they're wanting men down

there to clear the snow away. But he's a fraud, I tell you!"

A thin, pale-faced lady had found her way to the front.

"Poor man!" she sighed, "do not lose heart. Here is a little booklet I will leave you, 'A Brand Plucked from the Burning; or the Repentant Housebreaker.' You must read it very carefully, and take it well to heart; it meets your case exactly."

The traffic on the pavement was by this time completely blocked; pedestrians who were in a hurry had to pass into the road, where they impeded the omnibuses and seriously annoyed the cabmen. Business was at a standstill, and stray reporters hurried up, notebooks in hand, and wanted to know who did the murder.

It was then that Armitage recovered his presence of mind; hurling the money to the ground, he said, as quietly as the consciousness that his sanity was slipping away would let him—

"My good people, it is not your fault you are not all in Colney Hatch; though why you are not there is certainly owing to the gross neglect of the authorities. I am no beggar," he cried. "Here, look at that!"

And in conclusive proof he drew a handful of gold and silver from his pocket. The policeman's worst suspicions were confirmed; he approached and tapped Armitage on the shoulder: "You had better come quietly, young man."

"What for?" asked Armitage.

"That money was not come by honestly, you know."

"Of course not; I am a literary man."

"Don't force me to produce the handcuffs," cried the policeman, in ultimatum.

"You are madder than the rest," shouted Armitage, beside himself, this time, with rage. "Here's my card with my name and address; and I'm going home now, so make room."

"Not so fast," said the policeman; but he took the card, and found underneath it a five-shilling piece. That altered the complexion of affairs a little. At last Armitage, with much explanation, managed to satisfy the policeman; that satisfied the crowd, who, indignant at being cheated out of their excitement, turned their anger against the kind-hearted young gentleman who had commenced it. But he had gathered up the twopence and fled into Somerset House in search of his father.

The crowd dispersed, grumbling. Armitage moved down the Strand at a pretty brisk rate. On the other side of the way, Mrs. Armitage was nearly choking herself trying to laugh and drink tea at one and the same time.

The first tailor's shop he came to, Armitage went in. He was too pressed to have a suit to measure; he bought a complete outfit ready-made. His old things he told them to sink in the Thames or send to the heathen; and he walked home in boots that pinched, and a high hat that hurt, and a coat so tightly buttoned that it greatly incommoded his respiration.

Flushed and ill at ease, he arrived at his own threshold. Mrs. Armitage opened the door with a smile; with her own hand she helped him off with his cuius-like overcoat.

"Why, Jack!" she cried, "how smart you look; quite military, I declare! Come, you shall take me to the theatre this evening."

And she drew him into dinner, and smiled again. And the more Armitage thinks of that smile the more he is inclined to regret that he gave those clothes to the heathen.

The tiresome preacher finally finished his almost interminable sermon. The congregation had slowly filed out, save one man, who lagged behind to speak with the pastor.

"Do you know, minister," he said, in a confidential tone, "that your sermon this morning reminded me more of a wheel than anything else that I could think of?"

"A wheel!" said the startled divine.

"How could it do that?"

"Oh, merely that in a wheel the longer the spoke is, the longer is the tire."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Private Branch Exchange connected with all Departments) Main 6640

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND, BRANCH OFFICE: Byron House, 85 Fleet Street, E.C.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United States, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$1.00
Six Months.....	1.00
Three Months.....	50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 20. TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 22, 1906. No. 7

Points About People

THE centenary of Mrs. Featherston Osler recalls to memory the son who most resembled her physically, and who is the only one who did not survive to celebrate her hundredth birthday—the late B. B. Osler, K.C. When he died Dr. Goldwin Smith, who has never been charged with being extravagant in compliment, wrote that his orations in the Hyams' case and one or two other celebrated trials were worthy of Cicero. Surely praise could not go farther than that, and certainly the writer who has heard most of the distinguished Canadian public speakers, never encountered any other orator who could impart the same subtle thrill or inspire the same intensity of interest. He simply gripped his listeners at the outset and held them spellbound with his logic and simple unornamented speech. Apparently, one of the most taciturn, he was in reality one of the most kindly and even-tempered of men.

A simple illustration of this and of his ability to work with his hands while concentrating his mind on something else occurred at the second Sternaman trial at Cayuga. A most important witness had been placed on the stand for the defence, and counsel was eliciting the story in chief when the reporters were astonished to see Mr. Osler suddenly cease to pay attention to the witness and commence to make some contrivance with a large sheet of foolscap. After some care, he had completed a most excellent lamp-shade, and as he rose to cross-examine, he placed it carefully over the lamp on the desk of the court stenographer, Mr. Nelson R. Butcher. He alone had noticed that the light was bothering the eyes of the reporter, who could not cease his duties for a second to secure better conditions. Mr. Butcher said the same thing had happened at least a score of times. The closeness of his cross-examination when he commenced showed that he had not missed one word of the testimony.

IT has been said by his intimates that it was always his ambition to enter politics, but that a disinclination to ally himself body and soul to either one or the other of the great political parties was a drawback. He did seriously consider contesting Haldimand in 1896 as an independent, but business obligations intervened. This was a great pity, since it was not alone as a forensic orator that he shone. Though rarely heard, he was a remarkable speaker on questions remote from law. The best reply to the toast of Canada was a speech he made to half a hundred law students at a little dinner given by them in the Rossin House a few years ago. It breathed a fervent patriotism, and a love of nature absolutely sincere, and there was not a platitude or a bit of fustian in the speech.

Those who remember his intervention in the Sunday car strike a few years ago will recall his power of satire and caustic humor.

TWO incidents of the first Ponton trial at Napanee will illustrate his gift of repartee and his mode of cross-examination. During the trial a wandering umbrella-mender tendered his evidence for the defence, probably with a view to earning a witness fee. He identified a biscuit box in which the stolen money was said to have been buried as one left on the scene by himself long after the bank robbery. After he had told his story and Mr. Osler rose to cross-examine, no one noticed that the counsel had placed it on the floor and stood with his arms akimbo, so that the folds of his gown concealed the article from the witness. Then he snarled him on to give more details about it until the witness told the friendly gentleman that he had used it to cook with over a fire. Mr. Osler suddenly dived for the exhibit.

"Is that the box?" he thundered.

There was not a mark of smoke on it and the muddy paper covering still adhered to it. The witness quailed, and was speedily ordered out of court by the judge.

Mr. Osler had one important rule in cross-examination

often disregarded by young lawyers. He used to say: "If the witness is absolutely positive, drop him! Don't let him emphasize the point!"

His gift of repartee was brought out in the comic opera riot which took place on the last night of that famous trial. The judge, Mr. Osler and one or two others had to be brought from the courthouse under guard of special constables, and were hooted by hoodlums from all over the Bay of Quinte district. Passing the Town Hall one constable asked another why the lights were on.

"Oh, there's a feller named Kelso from Toronto lecturin' on the improvement of the young!" was the reply.

"Well he's come here about twenty years too late!" growled Mr. Osler.

THE death of Mr. Osler was solely due to a lifetime of overwork. It did not show itself in his speaking or in his grasp of his case. But frequently a brick-like flush would creep over his face which was seared to parchment by an heroic rescue of a woman from a burning house which he made as a young man. His first breakdown occurred at Philadelphia, where he was engaged in some arbitration case. It is said that he walked into the hotel where he was staying and asked the clerk what his name was and where his room was. Physicians were summoned and Dr. Osler hurried from Baltimore. A thorough rest of several months restored him, and he practised again for a short time. The second breakdown was the last, and he gradually sank away with nervous prostration. In the last days of his life he wore a grey beard, and occasionally drove out in a closed carriage. Sometimes he would bow to people, who failed to recognize in the bearded old man the sturdy, picturesque figure whose voice and logic had so often thrilled them.

YOUNG Canadians do not have to go to the United States now to seek a career, but it is always interesting to note instances that show that those who have gone there in the past have measured up well with the men they have been thrown among, many of them proving themselves of superior size and stability. James J. Hill, himself a Canadian, has always had in the ranks of his army of practical, competent railroad men a goodly number of Canadians. Mr. George O. Somers is one of the young men who has made an excellent record with the Great Northern. His parents live in Barrie, Ontario, and he started work as a telegraph operator at Stayner, in Simcoe county. Coming to Toronto on one occasion he attracted the attention of one of the Great Northern officials, and was offered a position with that road. He climbed steadily up until he became General Freight Agent. Some time ago he was made an Acting Vice-President. Mr. Somers has now left the Hill road after eighteen years of service, to take the position of General Traffic Manager of the United Fruit Company, with headquarters in New York. This company operates eighty steamships plying between Atlantic and Gulf ports and the ports of Santo Domingo, Jamaica, Cuba, Central America and Costa Rica, and owns 400,000 acres of plantations in Costa Rica, Panama and Cuba. It also operates 500 miles of railroad in the same countries.

Mr. George O. Somers is a brother of Mr. G. T. Somers of Toronto, president of the Sterling Bank of Canada.

SPEAKING before the Canadian Club in Orillia last week on "Nationalism in Quebec," Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P., turned the laugh against himself and spoiled the effect of ten minutes of argument, by an amusing slip. He had been asserting the broad-mindedness and generosity of the French-Canadians, and by way of illustration was telling of the number of Anglo-Saxons elected to office in Quebec.

"Take the city of Montreal," he said, "where the French-Canadians are in a preponderating majority. We make an English-speaking Protestant mayor for one term, then an Irish Catholic for one term, and then we take a term ourselves—sometimes two."

This admission was made in a manner indescribably naive, but the effect of the remark, interjected in the middle of a serious argument, was electric. Before Mr. Bourassa could get out another word, the audience was in fits of laughter. When, after a minute or so, he was able to go on with his speech, he quietly changed the subject without attempting any explanation.

POLITICAL prominence has ever demanded sacrifice and a tale told of the late George Evans of Toronto, one time tinsmith and Grit orator, depicts this phase to the full.

It was in the great Dominion contest of 1887 when the Reform party claimed sway by the fragile thread of a single seat that heroic measures were brought to bear in the later elections, and George Evans, being learned in the Indian tongue, was sent to pow-wow with the Indians of the Lame Dog reservation and to diffuse the spirit of reform which he carried corked to the wild regions known as "The Territories."

So well did he succeed with his dusky brethren that they forthwith decided that, as fitting prelude to electing his candidate, they must elect him a member of their tribe.

This was done: Evans was stripped of his store-clothes and arrayed in war paint and feathers. Too much is more than enough the world over, and George Evans' desire to spread light in the darkened paths of Poor Lo vanished with his too close familiarity which bred a deal of contempt. He saddled his horse and disappeared in a cloud of dust and "language."

Riding hard, in the course of several hours, he brought up at a white settlement where a Reform rally was in course of construction under the able management of his then associates, W. T. R. Preston later of Immigration

fame, and Mr. James A. Proctor, since associated with matters of assessment. A real live Indian was nuts for these worthies, who proceeded to aim the whole force of their forensic oratory at the radiant redman, and it was only when Evans, stepping upon the platform with all the dignity of Tecumseh, remarked in his usual bell-like tones, "Aw, h—l boys, come on home!" that they recognized their fellow worker in the garden of reform.

RICHARD BLAIN, the Conservative member for Peel, has for many years been, if not exactly a shining light of the Methodist Church, at least, a steady-burning one. The people of Peel have become so accustomed to look upon "Dick," as he is best known in Brampton, as a follower of John Wesley, that only old-timers recall him as a member of the Anglican body. In his youthful days, "Dick" accompanied his father, bluff, hearty, honest, old Captain Blain, to old Christ Church, long since demolished. Quiet, modest, even retiring, as he is to this day, "Dick" made the responses in a tone almost inaudible under the sonorous voice of his father. Very often "Dick" assisted as sidesman in taking up the collection, looking very bashful but very grave as he paced the aisle side-by-side with an elderly church warden. But Dan Cupid changed all that. It was a good Methodist arrow that he fixed in "Dick's" heart. There must have been a good Methodist string attached to the arrow, for when the knot was tied by a Methodist parson, "Dick" disappeared within the fold of the Methodist church, and there he has remained, good man and true, ever since.

JACK LONDON, who has made himself the literary advocate of winter, wilderness and wildness, seems to appropriate to his own uses other men's labors as ruthlessly as would any prehistoric man or Arctic dog-wolf of whom he writes. Last year he wrote for McClure's a story showing a man's desperate love of life, and it was

found to be but a revision of a story written for the same magazine a couple of years earlier by Augustus Bridle of Toronto. His defence was that he took an ordinary narrative and made it a scientific study. Yet others are not sure that he improved it in the least. He admits, too, that his book "Before Adam" is a scientific treatment of Stanley Waterloo's book along the same line published several years ago. He seems to have boldly appropriated the whole framework of the story and clothed it in his own way. It is an easy way to write books, and Jack London will presently make himself famous as the impudent thief in literature. His calm assumption that he ennobles other men's works by re-writing them, suggests a boundless egotism on his part. Another instance of this was the remark of Nikola Tesla in a New York court last week. He gave his name and added: "I am an inventor, and one of the foremost men of the age." To have this sublime faith in oneself!

Jack London has written a drama, the scene laid in Dawson, and it is said to be a very poor play. Evidently neither Augustus Bridle nor Stanley Waterloo had written a good play that London could treat "scientifically." Yet there is no reason why a man of his methods should write a poor play. He but needs to select a real good one and enoble it by making it his own.

ONE day last August a young man and a girl, both from Toronto, who were holidaying at the summer resort on Lake Simcoe near Beaverton, were walking from the beach to the village. On their way they passed close to a construction gang of Italian navvies working on the Canada Northern, or as it is locally known, the James Bay Railway.

"How is it," asked the girl, "that those dagoes, or whatever you call them, are so good at that kind of work?"

"You've got things mixed a little," laughed the young man. "It isn't because they're particularly good at that sort of work that you always see them at. Labor like that doesn't require any thought, so they turn to it. They're no good for anything else."

The young man has since wondered whether some of the opinions lately expressed as to the urgency of importing Chinese and other cheap foreign labor into Western Canada are not based on conclusions as illogical in their way as was that of the girl.

THERE are times when fine clothes are at a discount. When Sir Richard Cartwright was defeated in Lennox, in 1878, Centre Huron was opened for him by the resignation of the sitting member. Dan McGillicuddy was at that time editing The Brussels Post, in the constituency, and was breaking into political management although still in his twenties. Mr. Cartwright (for he was not then a knight) appeared on the scene with a silk hat, a Prince Albert coat, and with moustache as pointed as a staff officer's. Dan got him inside at the earliest opportunity, and pointed out that a tweed suit and a soft hat would not be so likely to keep the rural voters at arm's length. A local tailor was procured, who worked overtime, and soon Cartwright was metamorphosed into a bluff, bucolic-looking person. But to the keen eye of the young political coach there was still one drawback. Cocking his head from side to side critically, Dan thus admonished the candidate: "You'd get nearer the boys, Cartwright, and they'd get nearer you, if you'd just run a comb through your moustache, and let it drabble around your face more."

Riding hard, in the course of several hours, he brought up at a white settlement where a Reform rally was in course of construction under the able management of his then associates, W. T. R. Preston later of Immigration

The West Declaims Buckskins and Shooting Irons.

Any branch of work or sport it is always the amateur who makes an effort to "look the part." The stranger, too, who wishes to be a Roman in Rome, or a Westerner in the West, as a rule completely outdoes the natives in the matter of costume. If we see a man walking along a Toronto street arrayed in a complete outfit of Western togs—sombrero, hip boots, buckskins, and the rest—we do not take him for a Westerner but for some enthusiastic young chap—possibly an artist in search of "local color"—who is going on a trip beyond the Great Lakes. Not a few westerners are beginning to ridicule the views expressed in Eastern newspapers, magazines and books regarding the West, and resent having the comic-opera type of Westerners being displayed as the real thing. In a recent editorial California newspaper says:

A typical Westerner who knows the transmississippi country from Manitoba to the Rio Grande, by reason of thirty-five years of intimate rubbing against the West, the real West, not the West of the magazines, says:

"Why don't you Western newspapermen and Western writers generally, say something about us in the East? The stuff that is designed to make us out to be strange and different from the rest of the human race. It makes me sick. Even the President of the United States gets foolish when he mixes in Western matters; he puts us all wrong. Look here!"

Then the Western man showed a magazine picture of the President of the United States with a bearskin cap on his head, a handkerchief knotted about his neck, befringed buckskin "pants" and an assortment of hardware in his belt.

That picture was funny. It showed that Roosevelt is not a Westerner, never was, and never will be. Nobody but the Easterner ever has his picture taken in a get-up like that. The Westerner puts on store clothes. Buckskins and a beltful of shooting irons have no more to do with the West now than a bell-shaped "plug" hat and a high stock have to do with New York. William Allen White, Owen Wister, Frederick Remington, and Roosevelt himself, and all that bunch of Easterners who feed the Eastern mind are responsible for this.

We of the West are tired of being discovered. The White-Wister-Remington sharps blow out here, hunt up some hairy, moth-eaten individual who lives up a creek with a few cows and a '71 model 44, and straightaway throw up their hats in the air and yell: "Here he is—that's it!" Then the literary sharps write to the magazine and tell us how to throw a diamond hitch, build a grass fire, and spell "sure" with an h.

When the President of the United States is photographed in "chaps," and with his abundant cutlery on, the Western man has to laugh. The man with the hairy "pants" is about as much a curiosity in the West as he is to the six-months' tourist from Yonkers. It must be that the Eastern literary sharp gets his funny ideas from people like C. F. Lummis of Los Angeles, who is addicted to leather and corduroys, and Joaquin Miller of Oakland, who has his monogram worked on his boot-straps.

It might be illuminating to the unsuspecting Eastern writer to know that the West regards Lummis's gay get-up and Joaquin Miller's roseate bootstraps with vast amusement—such as it gives to Roosevelt's bad imitation of that freak-o'-nature, the Magazine Western Man.

Being a soldier and not a financier Lord Wolseley has lost steadily in reckless commercial enterprises with which he has occupied himself since he vacated his position as Commander-in-Chief. In spite of the fact that England showed her appreciation of the hero of Tel-el-Kebir by a grant of \$275,000 and a peerage, his fortune now is so reduced that it is said mortgages have been piled upon his country house, Glynde, in Sussex, and he has been compelled to accept the King's grant of apartments at Hampton Court Palace, which is a kind of royal almshouse and, with this he is compelled to sell his magnificent collection of ancient arms and armor.

A peculiar action at law is reported from Winnipeg. Suit was brought against one of the daily papers by Mr. Nagy for \$10,000 damages for publishing a story to the effect that his residence was "a haunted house." Justice Macdonald dismissed the action on the ground that as people no longer believed in ghosts, real estate could not be injured by the publication of such a story. It is an interesting judicial decision; it puts all ghosts out of court. But will it dispel the dread with which some houses, said to be haunted, are still regarded in various parts of Canada?

A statement issued at Fredericton, New Brunswick, shows that lumber rafting operations on the St. John River, during the past season, have almost doubled those of 1905, when 7,000,000 feet of logs were rafted, 12,184,190 feet of logs were rafted this year, showing one of the largest seasons in the lumber business, and in the past few years.

Ing Kon and Ing John, Chinese grocers in Toronto, have taken action against the local police to recover \$500, the value of 775 bottles of Chinese medicine destroyed by the officers, who thought the heathen stuff were better spirit. The Divisional Court considered the act of the police high-handed.

A record for swift justice was made in Peterboro last week when Robert Baker was arrested, tried and, inside forty minutes, sentenced to serve six months in the Central Prison on a charge of stealing brass.



Photographic Studies of Little Willie's Face as the Christmas Tree was Stripped of its Gifts.—Photographs by George Stark, in Leslie's Weekly.

MR. DOOLEY

On the Subject of Divorce

BY F. P. DUNNE.



A short married life an' an unhappy one is their motto.

"ELL, Sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see they've been holdin' a Divorcee Congress."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye wudden't know," said Mr. Dooley.

Divorcee is th' on'y luxury supplied be th' law we don't injure in Ar-rheey Road. Up here whin a married couple get to th' p'int where 'tis impossible fr' them to go on Livin' together they go on livin' together. They feel that way some mornin' in ivry month, but th' next day finds them still glarin' at each other over th' ham an' eggs. No wife ever laves her husband while he has th' breath iv life in him, an' anny gentleman that took a thrip to Soo Falls in ordher to saw off th' housekeepin' expenses on a rash successor wud find throuble ready fr' him whin he come back to Ar-rheey Road. No, Sir, whin our people grab hands at th' altar, they're hooked up Friver. Marredge with us is a life sintice at hard labor. There's on'y wan decree iv divorcee that th' neighbors will recognize, an' that's th' wan that entiles ye to a ride just behind th' pall bearers. That's why I'm a batch. Tis th' fine skylark iv a timprary husband I'd make, bringin' home a new wife ivy Foothr in July an' dischargin' th' old wan without a charakter. But th' customs iv th' neighbors are agin it.

"But 'tis diff'rent with others, Hinnissy. Down be that about was assembled to make th' laws iv all th' States on divorcee th' same. It's a tur-ble scandal as it is now. A man shakes his wife in wan State on'y to be grabbed be her an' led home th' minnyt he crosses th' border. There's no safety fr' anny wan. In some places it's almost impossible fr' a man to get rid iv his family unless he has a good raison. There's no regularity at all about it. In Kentucky baldness is grounds fr' divorcee; in Ohio th' inclemency iv th' weather. In Illinoi a woman can be freed fr'm th' gallin' bonds iv matrimony because her husband wears Congress gaiters; in Wisconsin th' old man can get his maiden name back because his wife tells fortunes in th' taycup.

"In Nebrasky th' shackles ar-re busted because father forgot to wipe his boots; in New York because mother knows a Judge in South Dakota. Ye can be divorced fr' anything if ye know where to lodge th' complaint. Among th' grounds ar-re snorin', deafness, because wan iv th' parties dhrinks an' th' other doesn't, because wan don't dhrink an' th' other does, because they both dhrink, because th' husband is losin' his teeth, because th' wife is addicted to sick headaches, because he asked her what she did with that last \$10 he gave her, because he knows some wan else, because she invites th' society iv th' young, because he f'gots to wind th' clock, because she wears a switch. A husband can get a divorce because he has more money than he had; a wife because he has less. Ye can always get a divorcee fr' what Hogan calls incompatibility iv temper. That's whin husband an' wife ar-re both cross at th' same time. Ye'd call it a tiff in ye'e fam'ly, Hinnissy.

"But, mind ye, none in these reasons go in anny two States. A man that wants to be properly divorced so there's no danger whin he crosses th' river at Cincinnati that he'll have to wheel th' baby carredge that give him his freedom will have to start out an' do a tour iv our gr-reat Raypublic. An' be th' time he's thurly released he may want to do it all over again with th' second choice in his wild, glad heart.

"It wud be a grand thing if it cud be straightened

before a Justice iv th' Peace an' makin' an affyavit that th' lady's face had grown too bleak fr' his taste. Be Hivens, I'd go farther. Rather than have people endure this sachivich I'd let anny man escape be jumpin' th' conthracit. All he'd have to do if I was runnin' this Government wud be to put some clothes in th' grip, write a note to his wife that after thinkin' it over fr' forty years he had made up his mind that his warm nature was not suited to marredge with th' mother iv so manny iv his childher, an' go out to return no more.

"I don't know much about marred life, except what ye tell me an' what I r-read in th' pa-apers. But it must be sad. All over this land onhappily mated couples ar-re sufferin' now an' thin almost as much as if they had a sliver in their thumb or a slight headache. Th' misfortunes iv these people ar-re beyond belief. I say, Hinnissy, it is th' jooty iv th' law to mercifully release them. Ye take th' case iv me frind fr'm Coke City that I was readin' about th' other day. There was a martyr fr' ye. Poor fellow! Me eyes filled with tears thinkin' about him. Whinn a young man he marred. He was a fireman in thim days, an' th' objict in his eternal affection was th' daughter iv th' most poplars saloon keeper in town. A great socyal gulf opened between them. He had fine prospects iv ivinchooly bein' promoted to two-fifty a day, but she was heiress to a cellar full iv Monongahela rye an' a pool table, an' her parents objected, because iv th' difference in their positions. But love such as his is not to be denied. Th' bold suitor won. Together they eloped to Pittsburg an' were marred.

"Fr' a short time all wint well. They lived together happily fr' twenty years an' raised wan iv th' poplous fam'lies iv people who expect to be supported in their old days. Th' impechuse lover, spurred on be th' desire to make good with his queen, slugged, cheated, an' wurruked his way to th' head iv th' railroad. He was no longer Greasy Bill, th' Oil Can, but Willum Aitch Bliggens, th' Prince iv Industree. All th' diff'rent kinds iv money he ever heerd iv rolled into him, large money an' small, other people's money, money he'd labored fr' an' money he'd wished fr'. Whin he set in his office countin' it he often left a call fr' t'm o'clock fr' fear he might be dheremakin' an' not get to th' roundhouse on time. But, bein' an American citizen, he soon felt as sure iv himself as though he'd got it all in th' Probate Coort, an' th' arly Spring saw him on a private car speedin' to New York, th' home iv Mirth. He was rayceived with open ar'ms be ivy wan in that gr-reat city that knew the combynation iv th' safe. He was taken fr' yacht rides be his fellow-Kings iv Fi-nance. He was th' principl guest iv honor at a modest but tasteful dinner, where there was a large artifical lake

"Coke City (lovely haunt iv th' thrust as it is) is a long way fr'm th' Casino. Th' last successful extrava-ganza that th' lady had seen was a lecture be Jawn B. Gough. She got her Eyetalian opry out iv a music box. What was there fr' this joyst intelleck an' this household tyrant to talk about? No wondher he pined. Think iv this Light iv th' Tendherloin bein' compelled to set down ivy month or two an' chat about a new tooth that Hiven had just sint to a fam'ly up th' streeet! Now was that all. She give him no rest. Time an' time again she asked him was he comin' home that night. She tortured his proud spirit be recallin' th' time whin she used to flag him fr'm th' window iv th' room where Papa had locked her in. She even wint so far as to dhray on him th' last cow'dly weapon iv brutal wives' tears. One time she thraveled to New York an' wan iv his frinds seen her. Oh, it was erool, crool. Hinnissy, tell me, wud ye condim this gr-reat man to such a slavery just because he'd made a rash promise whin he didn't have a cent in th' wurruld? Th' law said no. Whin th' Gr-reat Financier cud stand it no longer he called upon th' Judge to strik off th' chains an' make him a free man. He got a divorcee."

"I dare ye to come down to my house an' say thim things," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh, I know ye don't agree with me," said Mr. Dooley. "Nayether does Father Kelly. He's got it into his head that whin a man's marred he's marred, an' that's all there is to it. He puts his hand in th' grab-bag an' pulls out a blank an' he don't get his money back. 'Ill-mated couples?' says he. 'Ill-mated couples? What ar-re ye talkin' about? Ar-re there anny other kinds? Ar-re there anny two people in th' wurruld that ar-re perfectly mated?' says he. 'Was there ever a frindship that was anything more than a kind iv suspension bridge between quarrels?' he says. 'In ivry branch iv life,' says he, 'we leap fr'm scrap to scrap,' he says. 'I'm wan iv th' best-timpered men in th' wurruld, am I not? (Ye are not,' says I). I'm wan iv th' kindest iv mortals,' he says, 'but put me in th' same house with Saint Jerome,' he says, 'an' there'd be at laste wan day in th' month whin I'd answer his last wurruld be slamin' th' dure behind me,' he says. 'Man is nacnally a fightin' an' quarrelin' animal with his wife. Th' soft answer don't always turn away wrath. Sometimes it makes it worse,' he says. 'Th' throuble about divorcee is it always lets out iv th' bad bargain th' wan that made it bad. If I owned a half in a pavin' business with ye, I'd never let th' sun go down on a quarrel,' he says. 'But if ye had a bad month I'd go

a perfectly nachral scrap with his beloved over breakfast, she stays at home an' does nawthin' but think about it, an' he goes out an' does nawthin' but think about it, an' that athernoon they're in their lawyers' office,' he says. 'But whin a poor gentleman an' a poor lady fall out, the poor lady puts all her anger into rubbin' th' zinc off th' washboard an' th' poor gentleman aises his be murdrin' a slag pile with a shovel, an' be th' time night comes ar'round he says to himself: "Well, I've got to go home annyhow, an' it's no use I shud be unhappy because I'm



In Kentucky Baldness is Grounds fr' Divorcee.

misjudged," an' he puts a pound iv candy into his coat pocket an' goes home an' finds her standin' at th' dure with a white apron on an' some new ruching around her neck,' he says.

"An' there ye ar-re. Two opinions."

"I see on'y wan," said Mr. Hennessy. "What do ye raaly think?"

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "if people wanted to be divorced I'd let them, but I'd give th' childher th' custody iv th' parents. They'd larn thin to behave."

College Life in the West.

I F through chapel windows there falls no dim religious light, if college walls are not discolored by time and overhung with clinging ivy, if "cap and gown" are almost entirely confined to ceremonial functions, their absence denotes to some extent something of the spirit of the undergraduate life of Winnipeg, the outcome of the age and of western Canadian conditions.

In western eagerness for the advantages of professional and higher education, and in the far-seeing purpose of government in making advanced education available to the many, something of the sentiment, the ideals and the atmosphere which the English-speaking world is wont to associate with such centres of learning as Oxford and Cambridge are left out. The college life of Winnipeg, says The Telegram of that city, does not exercise such an influence upon the character, point of view or manner of the students who attend the college lectures, play their games on lawn or campus, join in debates, literary clubs and social gatherings and live the undergraduate life of the metropolis of western Canada.

As the years roll on, as the trees grow about the campus, as the ivy spreads its variegated colors over the college walls, as the libraries increase, as the college halls, lecture rooms and dormitories become storied with the gone out from them into the world of men and taken distinguished positions become known, and the tales of their college days are told there will be something of that spirit, that sentiment in the college life of Winnipeg that only time and adherence to high educational and ethical standards can give.

Probably no institution created by law displays more clearly the broad spirit of western Canada than the University of Manitoba, established in 1877, to which are affiliated St. Boniface college in connection with the Roman Catholic church; St. John's college, Winnipeg, in connection with the Church of England in Canada; Manitoba college, in connection with the Presbyterian church in Canada; Wesley college, in connection with the Methodist church in Canada; Manitoba Medical college, and Manitoba College of Pharmacy.

It may be a matter of surprise to many to know that Winnipeg, including St. Boniface, is the most important college centre in the Dominion of Canada, in the proportion to population, with the single exception of Toronto. There are at the present time attending lectures at colleges in affiliation with the University of Manitoba about 700 undergraduates or duly matriculated students proceeding to various degrees.

The citizen of Toronto or Montreal, accustomed to students' riots and unseemly disturbances of young men in the flush of vigorous youth, would be surprised if informed that the war-cries of students are seldom heard on Winnipeg streets, theatrical entertainments are seldom if ever interrupted, and that the police and the student body have not even a bowing acquaintanceship.

The two pretenders to the overturned throne of France were in London recently at the same time. One is the Duc d'Orleans, head of the House of Bourbon, and the other Prince Victor Napoleon, leader of the Bonapartists. The Duc d'Orleans is not as popular as his mother, the Comtesse de Paris, but is given some credit for his late polar expedition. Prince Victor, too, is not highly regarded by his party, though his brother, Prince Louis a general in the Russian army, is a favorite everywhere. The hopes of these two men are little more than ridiculous fancies, but as they are not aggressive it is not probable that harm will come of them.

This remark from the editorial columns of the San Francisco Chronicle is noted as one of not a few recent utterances showing a change in a certain section of the United States press in its regard for President Roosevelt: "It is shameful that admiration or fear of the prowess of the Japanese should make the American people forget their promise to use their good offices to assist the Koreans in maintaining their autonomy. Evidently the big stick is nothing but a stuffed club."

It is said in London that Lord Curzon might have been the head of the British legation in Washington had he so willed. His peerage, being only an Irish one, leaves him eligible to sit again in the House of Commons, and it is probable that he will return when a safe seat offers.

The mayor of Huddersfield, England, offered a prize of \$5 for every child born during his term of office which lived at least twelve months. Though several epidemics occurred, the mortality was reduced from 122 per thousand to 44, largely by the aid of women who instructed mothers,



In Wisconsin, Because th' Old Man Ates with His Knife.

into court an' wiggle out iv th' partnershipe because ye're a cantankerous old willian that no wan cud get on with,' he says.

"If people knew they couldn't get away fr'm each other they'd settle down to life, just as I determined to like coal smoke whin I found th' collection wasn't big enough to put a new chimbley in th' parish house. I've achally got to like it," he says. "There ain't anny conditioon iv human life that's not endurable if ye make up ye mind that ye've got to endure it," he says. "Th' throuble with th' rich," he says, "is this, that whin a rich man has



In Nebraska th' Shackles ar're Busted Because Father Forgot to Wipe His Boots.

out. Th' laws ought to be th' same ivywhere. In anny part iv this fair land iv ours it shud be th' right iv anny man to get a divorcee, with alimony, simply be goin'

in champagne into which th' comp'ny cud dive. He become th' prize package iv th' Waldorf. In th' on'y part iv New York ye ever read about—ar-re there no churches or homes in New York, but on'y hotels, night restaurants, an' poolrooms?—in th' only part iv New York ye read about he cud be seen anny night sittin' where th' lights cud fall on his bald but youthful head. An' little Angelica Gumdrop, th' lady next to th' end iv th' first row on th' right, looked on him with those big eyes iv hers that said so little an' meant how much.

"An' how was it all this time in dear old Coke City? It is painful to say that th' lady to whom our frind was tied fr' life had not kept pace with him. She had taught him to r-read, but he had gone on an' taken what Hogan calls th' post-grate course. Women get all their book larnin' before marredge; men after. She'd been pretty active about th' childher while he was pickin' up more iddycation in th' way iv business than she'd ever dreameen is knowin'. She had th' latest news about th' throuble in th' Methodist Church, but he had a private wire into his office.

"A life spint in nourishin' th' young. Hinnissy, while fine to read about, isn't anny kind iv a beauty restorer, an' I've got to tell ye that th' lady prob'ly looked dif'rent fr'm th' gazelle he used to whistle three times fr' whin he wint by on Number 111en. It's no aisy thing to rock th' cradle with wan hand an' undylate th' hair with another. Be th' time he was gettin' out iv th' sellin' class in New York she was slowin' down even fr' Coke City. Their tastes was decidedly dissimilar, says th' pa-aper. Time was whin he carrid th' wash pitcher down to th' corner fr' a quart iv malt, while she dandled th' baby an' fried th' round steak at th' same time. That day was past. She hadn't got to th' p'nt where she cud drink champagne an' keep it out iv her nose. Th' passin' years had impaired all possible foundations fr' a new crop iv hair. Sometimes conversation lagged.

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effects.

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BY THE CANDY he sends"**

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BOOKS

QHARLESTON: The Place and the People, by Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel, published by the Macmillans, Toronto, is a vastly interesting book of history, biography and anecdote, largely dealing with the American revolutionary period in the old capital of South Carolina. The political and social conditions of the time are pictured in manner most convincing and charming, although naturally those who espoused the "patriot cause" are presented in a finer light than those who adhered to the "loyalist" party. The revolution having been successful, history and tradition have joined in embellishing the performances of all who had a hand in the enterprise. The part played by General Marion in the war has been sung in song and story. He captained what would now be called a guerilla force, hiding in a swamp not far from Charleston, and galloping on short and generally successful ventures. Among his men were sons of the best families, mounted on horses that had won fame on the turf. It was by a lucky accident that Marion was not cooped up in Charleston when all were captured and put on parole by the British. He had broken his leg, and the accident befell in a manner eloquent of the times.

"The habits of that day," writes Mrs. Ravenel, "may be mildly described as convivial, and when a gentleman gave a dinner party, he often turned the key upon his guests until they had done due honor to his Madeira and Port. Such joviality did not suit Marion, a small, spare man, of sober, abstemious habits; and finding himself thus locked in one evening, he tried to escape by letting himself down from a window. Unluckily—or rather luckily for his country—he miscalculated the distance, fell and broke his leg." He was sent into the country to recuperate, and was away when the city fell into the hands of the British.

The women of the South in those days appear to have been remarkably witty. A British officer having spoken slightly of a rebel colonel as an ignorant man who could not write his name, Mrs. Charles Elliott, who was present at once replied: "At least, colonel, he can make his mark." This was in allusion to the British colonel's hand, from which the rebel colonel had swept three fingers with a sabre stroke. On one occasion Colonel Tarleton, hearing Col. William Washington much praised, remarked: "I should like to see this fellow of whom people talk so much." "What a pity," said Mrs. Brewton, "that you had not looked behind you at the battle of Cowpens."

The final chapter of the book is devoted to Charleston's part in the Civil war, the first guns being fired at Fort Sumter in the harbor. The book is more than the story of a city. It is the story of a nation and the history of an order of society that flourished and passed away.

"In the Van," the Canadian historical romance by Dr. Price Brown, published by McLeod & Allen, Toronto, starts with the wedding in Westminster Abbey, London, of Lieutenant Harold Manning and Helen Brandon in November, 1813. The wedding is no sooner over than Manning has to go before the colonel of the regiment to which he is attached and confess his indiscretion in marrying on the eve of the departure of his regiment for Canada. The colonel at first refuses to permit the young lieutenant's wife to accompany him, considering the question altogether beyond discussion. The regiment was setting out for Penetanguishene, and the journey had to be made through a wilderness in the depth of winter and in war-time. By a little intrigue of the bride, however, consent is obtained for her to accompany the troops, and the writer then describes the journey, first to Halifax by a man-of-war; then by way of Montreal and Ottawa, to Penetanguishene, where a fort is erected, and where the regiment remains throughout the war. Mrs. Manning, who is a soldier's daughter as well as a soldier's wife, shows herself to be brave and unflinching in the face of all dangers and hardships. The colonel himself has to admit that he is glad she came, her presence going far to relieve the unloveliness of life at the lonely fort. She is also a help and comfort to the few women, soldiers' wives, who accompanied the little body of troops as helpers.

Many incidents are introduced to show the condition of the country in those days, and give an idea of the lives led by the inhabitants—soldiers, French, English and other settlers, and Indians.

There is another love story in the book—that of another army officer and a charming young Halifax girl. "In the Van" takes the reader back to the early days, which we are too

prone to forget, when the foundations of the country were being laid. They were days of romance and adventure as well as of pioneer hardships, and furnish rich material for the novelist.

A fifth edition of the poems of John Imrie has been issued by the Imrie Printing Company, Toronto. The selection for the edition has been made by Mr. John M. Imrie, the poet's eldest son, and many hitherto unpublished poems are included, as well as most of the old favorites. John Imrie, the Scottish-Canadian poet, was in a way a unique figure among Canadian writers. His verse deals largely with the delights and pleasures of home, and have been deservedly popular. The new volume contains a more complete and representative collection of his poetic writings than any published before his death.

In a recent number of The Saturday Evening Post a young man tells how he lost his savings. He was a professional advertiser and had saved \$2,500. He wrote four short stories which were accepted, and then, he says, "I wrote three more and some verse—how quickly I degenerated!" which were also accepted. Thus my \$2,500 was augmented by \$125. I saw a future ahead and determined to own a magazine. Looking north across the 49th parallel, I thought I discerned a field for my venture.

"I chose Canada as the field for my venture: Canada possessed only one purely literary magazine. Mine was a magazine of short stories.

"A great idea flashed across my mind—the great advertising idea (and I am no fool at advertising): I would only accept advertisements from the Canadian manufacturers; all United States advertisements would be politely, but firmly, refused. I wrote Joseph Chamberlain. By return mail came a most encouraging reply, signed by his secretary. I also wrote to Sir Gilbert Parker; he sent me a real kind letter, signed by himself; I have kept it, and when I read a new novel written by this great man, his good-natured epistle enables me to proceed to the end of his story without feeling the sense of utter weariness which I might otherwise experience. When Sir Gilbert dies I am going to write a poem to his memory.

"I called upon a number of Canadian manufacturers and outlined my great plan. They were all enthusiastic—until asked for an advertisement: then they found that their patriotism did not agree with their pocketbook, and I got left, badly left, to the extent of all my savings.

"Finally I got down to fifty dollars. My wife cried, and the babies looked at me reproachfully. That finished it. I swore a solemn oath never to accept another cheque from a magazine until I could afford it, and never to start another magazine until I was worth at least \$2,000,000. I went back to the old advertising world and am making good. When the surplus comes I am going to invest in real estate in the great northwest; one hundred per cent. on your money and no risk, if you believe the estate agents! Twelve per cent. and very little risk, if you go and find out for yourself."

"The name of my magazine? It was called the Blue Jay, but I have since thought that The Cuckoo would have been a more appropriate title."

Raphael Tuck & Sons, Co., fine art and book publishers, of Montreal, have issued this season extensive lines of handsome holiday booklets, calendars, juvenile card toy books, Christmas cards, etc. The work in these gift publications is unusually fine. The color printing is high-class, and excellent taste has been employed in the selection of designs. About everything that could be designed in the way of an attractive Christmas souvenir can be found in remarkably interesting and varied offerings made by this enterprising Canadian firm.

Charles Godfrey Leland told the following story of Walt Whitman: "When my book on the gypsies appeared, I, knowing that it would interest Whitman, gave him a copy, in which I had written a short complimentary poem; and mindful of the great and warm gratitude which he had declared regarding my brother Henry I asked him if he would not write for me a few original verses, though it were only a couplet, in the copy of 'Leaves of Grass' which he had sent to my brother."

"His reply was a refusal, at which I should not have felt hurt had it been gently worded or civilly evasive; but it was to the effect that he never did anything of the kind except for money. His exact words were: 'Sometimes when a fellow says to me, "Walt, here's ten or five dollars—write me a poem for it," I do so.' Then, seeing a look of disappointment

on my face, he added: 'But I will give you my photograph and autograph,' which he did."

Among the writers of child fiction of recent date, few have more charmingly set forth to the juvenile mind the way of life and its treacherous snares and pitfalls than Charles J. Bellamy has in his new book, entitled, "The Wonder Children," recently published by the Macmillans, Toronto. This interesting little volume, which is both dainty and attractive in design, contains a series of nine old-fashioned fairy stories in a modern setting, written in the author's most pleasing style, each being thoroughly suited to the tastes and understanding of children, with an underlying meaning that all intelligent little folks may readily grasp. One might describe them as delightful talks about various phases of home and family life, into which element the author introduces "the good fairies," and represents them as dispensing gifts, and endowing boys and girls with the power of moulding their own lives and destinies, if they but submit to be guided by their better natures and instincts. These stories are calculated to open the eyes of the little folk to the beauty of some everyday things that are frequently overlooked by them, and they are also admirably adapted to the purpose of inspiring the juvenile reader to "do noble things, not dream them all day long," thereby strengthening their own mental and moral fibre and leading them to see "true beauty in utility."

"My Rosary."

(Transcribed from stenographic notes taken during the rendition of the ballad by Howlitt Owte, the eminent barytone.)

Thee yowzri spen E-e-e, dear Art,

Are razza string of pearl stew me;
I count theh mo varrev ree wunna
part—

My row siree! My row siree!

E-e-e chow ray purr leech purr lav
purr

To filla har tin ab sense rung;
I tell leech be dun two the yend
Dan there acress iz zung.

O mem mow reeze that bless sand
burr

No bahr ran gay Nan bit her law
Sigh kih seoch bee Dan stry vat lass
two learn

Tewk iss the craw

Swee! Tar!
Two kih sss! thee craw! Sss!
—W. D. Nesbitt in Judge.

"Mother, does Dr. Smith wear his every-day clothes under that long white gown when he preaches?" asked a little girl who had seen the edge of the minister's trousers under his robe.

"Yes, dear," was the reply.

"Well," she continued, "now I know why it is called a surplus!"—Modern Society.

"When you know a man wif a sick family an'de rent over due," said Uncle Eben, "say 'Merry Christmas' to him, but try to help him out enough to keep it fum soundin' like sarcasm.—Washington Star.

"Doctor, something is the matter with me. Sometimes my mind is a perfect blank, and my memory constantly fails me. I wish you would treat me."

"I will. But in view of the peculiar nature of your case I shall want my fee in advance."—Baltimore Telegram.

Mother: "Well, Johnnie, what are you going to give your teacher for a Christmas present?"

Johnnie: "It is too soon to talk about that yet, mamma. It all depends upon how she behaves herself between now and Christmas."—Answers.

"Do you approve of spelling reform?" "Yes," answered the adaptable citizen. "The only objection is that it consumes more time remembering to spell the new way than it does to put in the extra letters."—Washington Star.

Charles Godfrey Leland told the following story of Walt Whitman: "When my book on the gypsies appeared, I, knowing that it would interest Whitman, gave him a copy, in which I had written a short complimentary poem; and mindful of the great and warm gratitude which he had declared regarding my brother Henry I asked him if he would not write for me a few original verses, though it were only a couplet, in the copy of 'Leaves of Grass' which he had sent to my brother."

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THE MAN WHO ROSE AGAIN, by Joseph Hocking, cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.

HELENA'S LOVE STORY, by Guy Thorne, cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.

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Lady Gay's
Column

I seemed that I found myself in the land of the real, after long sojourning in the land of the mortal. The land of the real contains only the essence of the immortal, all else having had its little day and passed. There were two exquisite luminous shapes, that recalled the likeness of two who had been women many moons ago. As they floated side by side I heard them talking together in sweet music that made waves of harmony all about them. At first the sound was so lovely that I was entranced; I did not grasp the sense, but soon I seemed to know that they conversed of their earthly life and people who had lived in their time among the mortals. "I thought of my husband to-day, and how I used to adore him. No one ever loved more devotedly," said one beautiful shining creature. "I remember," said the other, "and he did not love you, but me, and I did not love him, though I flattered him. I wonder why I did that, it was such a mistake." "And you, how you used to grieve over the ruin of my friend, the one man who really cared for me, and who gave up trying to resist temptation when he found I would not marry him. And what a snarl and a tangle we made of our little day together. How very strange it was we so blind. It all seems pathetically foolish and mistaken, that mortal trouble. We were such earnest women then, were we not?" "Yes, and yet, even in that purblind age, there were gleams of light. I used some times to cry out "What is life for? What's the use of living?" "We called that life and living, we knew no better," said one with a radiance and a glow. "Life, the great good! We measured it and weighed it in our poor little bottomless vessels, never seeing how it flowed out as fast as we poured it in. It is pathetic to look back on! And what is left of all that experience? Has anything endured, save the knowledge we at last attained?" The two glorious radiant shapes quivered, arrested on their peaceful progress by something to me unseen. As they waited, the one about whom floated a sort of pink aura turned her exquisite face to the north, and from the north came a snow-white light which paled her to the most silvery sheen. Her companion soul drew away slightly, floating out of the ray that came from the north and bathed in its supernal beauty. The other said in a whisper of the most angelic sweetness, "Only one thing endures, the pure and passionless friendship at which the world sneers, the giving of all and asking nothing, the receiving of all and giving no thanks, this has passed the test of the decay and death of the material world, and lives stronger and brighter and more blessed." And so, encircled in a halo, before which the other woman spirit bowed, but into which she did not, could not, enter, she who had loved on earth a love that could not die, stood glorified. And the woman spirit who had passed also from the material to the spiritual world, but had only loved on earth as mortals love, meekly folded her hands in acknowledgement of her inferior bliss.

contents" in my dreams had anyone asked me. And, one day last week, I had the joy of ending this nightmare by becoming possessed of Sunday rags and jags, which the detective had managed to secure, along with the bold brigand of the dining-car kitchen. The bold brigand won't steal another kit-bag for two long years. For the same period his wife may pose as a grass-widow in my silk blouse and mourn his temporary retirement in my yellow kimono. Justice has got him, and I am forgetting to run over the table of contents last thing before going to sleep. Instead, I am apt to murmur as I peacefully subside into the arms of Morphus, "Hoch the I. C.R., and Hoch the detective who did the trick!" (which his name is Williams!)

Christmas has stolen upon us, before we are half ready. It's a way the season has, after one grows up. May you all get out of the right side of the bed next Tuesday. May you, whose idea of content is plentiful getting, have stockings filled with gifts, and you who think otherwise have warm hearts and joyous consciousness that the delight of Christmas has come to some one who needs it, through you! Who wouldn't be a blessed old sieve to pass on the Christmas cheer?

LADY GAY.

Correspondence
Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
Rules: 1. The address of the sender must
consist of at least six lines of original matter,
including several capital letters. 2. Letters
will be answered in their order, unless under
unusual circumstances. Correspondents need
not take up their own pen and the Editor will
be writing reminders and requests for haste.
3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not
studied. 4. Please address Correspondence
Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by
Coupon are not studied.

Ewen.—Reincarnation is not trans-
migration. Get wise, my son. And
it's not an old Hindu idea, any more
than a modern Canadian one. Take
it if it meets your wants—leave it if
not. What matter to you or me
what others believe? That's the
pernicious talk of the proselytizer.
Let each man think it out, humbly,
sanely, honestly, for himself. Don't
be so greedy about your chances—a
second-hand soul doesn't sound reasonable.
The soul is always the
same—precious, durable, part of you
and me, and its experiences extend
over ages, whereas yours and mine
may endure and educate for a few
score years. But I want my soul
to be able to say when it has gone
through this short span, "I am wiser
for my human life, more in harmony
with the great source, less hampered
by mortal ties," and so forth. You
say I am not a Christian. What is
such a being? One sees so many
curious developments! You ask who
influences us through the stars? They
were asking that question in
the time of Moses, when he wrote
the book of Job. What you need, my
bonnie man, is development from the
inside, not argument from without.
I think if we met, you'd find me
dumb, for I have need of all the
strength for other things, which a
dispute would exact. However,
when we meet, or rather until that
day of import, I am very truly your
friend.

Mary 2.—December 15 brings you
under Sagittarius, a fire sign, and one
noted for directness and decis'on of
speech. Sagittarius generally makes
a bull's-eye. I don't fancy you'd be
successful in "lots and lots of things."
Would you be wise to marry or study
present? Well, as you cannot at
present do either, if your duties keep
in one's dollar for the seance, but
the idea of "dead" people is so for-

eign to my way of thinking that I
cannot give you the sort of answer
you need. I don't see any reason
why one should lose communication
with the spirit which is temporarily
without a local habitation and a
name, if one takes a truly spiritual
way to preserve communication.
What that way may be depends on
you and my advance in psychic
you at home, why are ye speerin'?
You have good adaptability, fair
self-reliance and a bright turn of mind.
Cheiro's book is the best I know of,
but it costs a lot of money. You are
fairly practical, very sincere and
earnest, and careful of details, have
some sense of beauty, fair temper and
a reasonable amount of energy. It
is a fine foundation for a successful
career.

T. C. London.—That's a large
question. Do the dead speak to
earthly things, and if so, to whom
does the power of entering into com-
munication with them belong? Judg-
ing by what one hears and sees, it
belongs to the individual who rakes
power. It is possible to receive some
impression of nearness to those
whom one has understood and prized
while they were visible comrades.
That I am quite sure about, but the
ways and means are beyond me, and
it's a bit risky to insist on it anyhow!
The more you know, the likelier
you'll be to wait with patience until
you, too, are free of fleshly limitations.
You are sensitive, impulsive,
imaginative and at the same time ob-
servant, practical and alert to the
details of any interesting phase of
experience. Your experience in To-
ronto looks like a case of mental tele-
pathy. The lady told you only what
you already knew. It was interesting,
but not so uncommon as people
think. I had a woman friend who
described to me a person I dearly
loved, who had been many years de-
ceased, and of whom she had never
heard until that hour. She also told
his name. I should drop the seance
business if I were you. It's never
above suspicion, and can do no pos-
sible good.

Auto.—How lovely to prefer To-
ronto to Old London! The Lord
certainly makes round people for
round holes! Why, my blessed child,
one day in London is worth a month
in most other places, if you are re-
ceptive and ready. And you are such
a quick, bright, enthusiastic maiden,
but also very concentrated or
long-headed. In fact, if you'll wait a
bit until your writing is more settled,
you won't be so hungry for my scalp.
You have great promise, great capac-
ity for enjoyment, and also equal
chance of the "grey days." It is an
adaptable, sporty and lovable study.

Aqua-pura.—I have no interest in
the affair, save to regret, as any kind
person would, that the temptation
bowled over a few. As to writing an
editorial about it heaven forbid that
I should be the puss to pull your
chestnuts off the stove. The tone of
your letter, and your niggly writing
are familiar to me. Say, why do you
waste time, stationery and postage
on the confession of your envy and
the exhibition of your smallness of
mind? Man, man, are we not all in
it, for one thing or another? Let us
be kind even if nothing better!

Helene.—Your writing is affected
and unreliable. If your character
doesn't soon settle down, your writing
may go on "frequently changing"
until you are forty instead of twenty.
If your natal day dates previous to
the 21st of February, you are likely
to waste through carelessness or in-
dolence the precious powers of Aquarius,
whose daughter you probably
are. The slanting cross to your T's
is one of the vagaries of a vagrant
mind blown, like the air sign, this
way and that, to its own weakening
and the bewilderment of its friends.
I cannot dissect unformed chiro-
graphy.

Emily C.—Every invitation, except
to a tea, should be answered. How
else can your friend be sure you re-
ceived it; in your case, unless you



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appearance and comfort. Through inferior imita-
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NOVELTIES AND CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

719 Yonge Street

sent a gift, there would be no
means of knowing. It is always best
for men, when calling on a bride in
the evening, to wear evening dress.
In a large city, unless specially asked
not, a man always puts on his
glad rags when invited or when tak-
ing the initiative in entertaining
after six o'clock at night.

Cloverette.—January 5 brings you
under Capricorn, an earth sign. Your
most congenial friends and compa-
nions are found under Taurus (May),
Virgo (September), and Libra (Octo-
ber) people. The first two are
earth, and the last air people. Young
people of your sign should be very
particular about their associates, as
they readily take on the condition of
those about them. The realities of
human life, and the necessity of self-
government are the things you should
seriously consider. Capricorn is apt
to reason from external material
standpoints and to be self-opinionated.
Simple and natural desires,
and behavior, discretion in indul-
gence of appetite, unselfishness and
service for others—by these Capri-
corn develops into one of the finest
signs of the twelve.

The Canadian Pacific management
will introduce Japanese attendants in
the through train service between
Montreal and Vancouver. The Jap-
anese will be employed as supple-
mentary to the present train staff,
and their functions will be to render
a somewhat similar service on first
and second-class cars to that per-
formed by the porters on sleeping
cars. The Japanese staff employed
for this purpose will be engaged by
General Superintendent Marpole at
Vancouver, and as the innovation has
been approved by Vice-President Mc-
Nicol and Passenger Traffic Manager

Kerr, it is expected that the Japs will
shortly be familiar figures on the
through trains. They will relieve the
brakeman of the rather irksome duty
of cleaning cars and waiting on the
passengers, and thus enable them to
give their undivided attention to the
working of the trains.

Wigg.—The last I saw of you
Youngpop was talking you to death
about his baby. How did you get rid
of him?

Wagg.—Oh, some fellow
came along who had just bought an
automobile, so I introduced them and
made my escape.

Philadelphia Record.

The only value of education is to
enable one to jump judiciously over
the barriers which it places along
every pleasant highway.—Translated
from L'Indiscret.

Why "Fizzy" Drinks Are
Popular.

The New York Herald in a recent
editorial stated that The Lancet, of
London, a leading medical journal, in
discussing the extensive use of effervescent
beverages, gave the reasons for it. The Lancet is quoted as saying
that the effervescent properties of
a liquid promote digestion in two
ways—first, by the carbonic acid acting
as a stimulant to the movements of the
stomach, and, second, by assisting in the
disintegration of the contents of the stomach.

Most people are not so much con-
cerned in knowing whether or not
beverages like champagne or Apollinaris
are extensively used, but rather in
knowing how these "fizzy" liquids
can be extensively acquired without
assisting in the "disintegration" of the
contents of the pocketbook.



PLenty of TIME.
City Man (with important engagement)—Suffering Caesar! How do
you expect I'm going to catch that train at this rate of going?
Stranger—Ain't your ticket good for thirty days? —Judge.

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sleep, soothes
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By R. C. Carton, author of "Lord and Lady
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In the title role

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— 210 Nights In New York —

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THE DRAMA

THE Christmas attraction at
the Princess Theatre, which opens next Monday evening
for a week's engagement, including matinees on Tuesdays
(Christmas Day), Wednesday and Saturday, is the successful English
farce, "Mr. Hopkinson," which is generally conceded to be one of
the jolliest of farces offered playgoers for years.

"Mr. Hopkinson" was written by
Richard Claude Carton, whose many
contributions to the London stage placed him high among the leading
British dramatists.

"Mr. Hopkinson" was first produced
in London a little over two years ago at Wyndham's Theatre,
where it enjoyed popularity over two hundred nights. It was then brought
to America and produced in New York, first at the Savoy and later at the
Hackett Theatre, where its London success was duplicated during
the season which lasted for over six months.

Those that love sentiment on the
stage could always rely for a full



DALLAS WELFORD
Appearing in the title role in "Mr. Hopkinson,"
at the Princess next week.

measure is all of Mr. Carton's writings, notably in "Lord and Lady Algry" and "Liberty Hall." In "Mr. Hopkinson," however, this dramatist has taken another turn, and it is found that the sentimental now has turned satirist. There is even a strong suspicion that he has bordered on Shawism a bit, and hit a good deal deeper into the social conditions of England than appears on the surface. In his treatment of "Mr. Hopkinson," which is a keen, biting satire. The plot has to do with the fortunes of Samuel Hopkinson, a vulgar little cad, who, previous to the inheritance of a large fortune by the death of an uncle, was a clerk in a suburban store. With the coming of the fortune also comes a desire to enter society, and his breaking into the ranks of the social set forms a series of comicalities that are at all times side-splitting and full of humorous incidents.

A duchess decides to guide his ship to the heights of the social pinnacle. His mercenary and economical traits rebel at the expensiveness of his venture. The duchess finally succeeds in arranging for the marriage of "Hoppy" to her niece, but the niece balks at the last moment and flees with her lover. Just previous to this a former sweetheart of "Hoppy" was engaged as maid-servant and she affords the young man with the social aspirations many an uncomfortable moment. After his wife-to-be has flown, and Eliza, as his former sweetheart was named, has come into money, part of which was procured from "Hoppy" on the threat of a breach-of-promise suit, the inimitable cad decides to marry her, and all ends well.

The production of "Mr. Hopkinson," which is given here under the direction of James K. Hackett and his London partner, Frank Curzon, will bring to us the original company of English players that has helped to make this farce one of the really striking successes of the year. Dallas Welford who will be seen in the title name of this play is credited with being one of the funniest comedians now on the English-speaking stage. He is an Englishman, and has appeared often in the theatres of West End London. It remained, however, for audiences on this side of the Atlantic to discover his great capabilities as a comedian. Others in the notable English cast of players are Roxane Barton, Elinor Foster, Olive Temple, Henry Stephenson, Howard Sturge, George Graham, Lewis Fielder, Cecil Burt, Edwin H. Brooke, etc.

That engaging play of Kentuckian romance and the turf, "His Last Dollar," under the management of E. D. Stair and Geo. H. Nicolai, with David Higgins and Eleanor Montell

danger of bordering at times upon burlesque. And Miss Eugenie du Bois, as Queen Elizabeth, and Miss Eloise Elliston, as Mary, Queen of Scotland, can scarcely be said to be actresses of imposing presence or distinctive histrionic ability. It might also be said that Mr. George R. Bell makes a rather juvenile-appearing father for Dorothy, as impersonated by Miss Burt. Let criticism stand at that. Miss Burt herself gives a very satisfactory presentation of the dashing, wilful, capricious heroine of the Charles Major novel. That she finds favor with her audiences is evidenced by the fact that she has been called before the curtain almost every night, and has made a speech, thanking the friends of herself and Mr. Stanford here for their kindly reception. Mr. Stanford, as Sir John Manners, is able, by his excellent elocutionary powers, to play the part very well indeed.

The comedy "Tom, Dick and Harry" has been entertaining large houses at the Grand this week. George Bickel as Tom, Harry Watson as Dick and Ed. Lee Wrothe as Harry, are a funny trio, and keep the audience laughing all the way through. Dick, the hobo, performs a lot of acrobatic antics which cause much merriment. The play has something of a plot, too, and altogether it meets with the high approval of those who attend.

The performance at Shea's is better than that of last week. The headliners, Edwin Arden and Company, give a sketch, "Behind Closed Doors," in which there are four characters, and in which some very good acting is done. On the bill are also the Empire Comedy Four, well-known here: Mr. and Mrs. Allison, in "Minnie from Minnesota," a laughable skit; John Johns, the Dixie Boy, and others. HAL.

The Drammer.
They sell the dear old farm for debt;
The villain smokes a cigarette.
The heroine has much regret;
The villain smokes a cigarette.
They sell her pig, her dearest pet;
The villain smokes a cigarette.
The hero cries, "I'll kill him yet!"
The villain smokes a cigarette.
Thus ends Act I. with all eyes wet.
The villain lights a cigarette.

The curtain's up. Act II. is set;
The villain smokes a cigarette.
The hero's comrades fume and fret;
The villain smokes a cigarette.
Detectives spread a crafty net;
The villain smokes a cigarette.
He flirts a bit with the soubrette,
The while he rolls a cigarette.
This is his scene to hiss get;
He lights another cigarette.

Act III. The gyrl has locks of jet;
The villain smokes a cigarette.
She's his'n now, as he would bet.
And so he smokes a cigarette.
But, hist! The hero yells, "Well met!"
The villain drops his cigarette.
B-b-bang! As down his corpse they
let.
He reaches for his cigarette.
Though dying, he does not forget
To gamely puff his cigarette.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The announcement is made that "Vakula, the Smith," a forgotten opera by Tchaikovsky, will be produced by the Opera Comique during the coming season. The work, which was written before "Eugene Onegin," obtained the prize of 1,000 rubles at some competition, but failed to satisfy the audience at its production. The libretto, based on a fairy tale by Gogol, is said to have been the cause of the fiasco, but it is hoped that after a thorough overhauling it may pass muster before a Parisian audience, especially as the music contains great beauties.

Holiday Excursion to New York December 28.

West Shore Railroad will have an excursion from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo to New York on December 28th, rate being \$9.00 round trip, tickets good going only on date of sale, good returning on or before January 11th.

Full particulars by writing Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 1-2 Yonge street. Telephone Main 4361.

Little Jack London
Sat in a corner
Writing a Christmas story;
He dipped in his pen
And wrote five thousand words.
And made about nine hundred dollars.
—New York Mail.

One of the small boys at a certain school where military drill is much esteemed has bow legs. The drill instructor liked to see things done smartly, and was annoyed because this boy could not click his heels together like the rest at the word "shun"! The drill instructor, an ex-infantryman, stood this as long as he could, but at last lost patience alto-

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to the home for Christmas and the largest possible joy will come to the recipient and all members of the family.

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BALLS, AT HOMES, RECEPTIONS, TEAS, &c.
M. J. SAGE, Manager.

gather, and addressed the lad in a the dangerous part of it was comin' hoarse whisper, "Was you ever in down?"—Philadelphia Press.

Try as we will, no mortal man need hope
A bliss that's unalloyed to ever win;
There's always one mosquito, singing 'neath
The gauzy bar that holds our comfort in.
"Well," replied the elevator man,
"go it was safe to go up; you see,"—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

When you finish your first bottle of

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you will have but one regret—that you did not use it months ago.

The way ABBEY'S SALT makes you eat—and sleep—and feel—will surprise and delight you.

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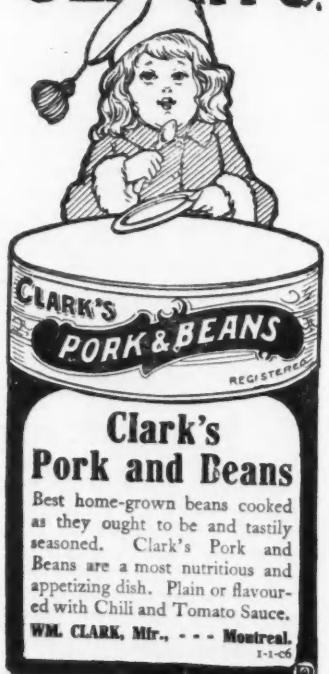
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are open Summer and Winter. Hot meals are served daily from 12 to 2, and 5 to 6 p.m. 10c. Luncheon hot and cold served from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Dates for Ballroom Banquet can be had by calling up Park 905.

Our Apple Fritters are served from 2 to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday only.

P. V. Meyer, Proprietress.

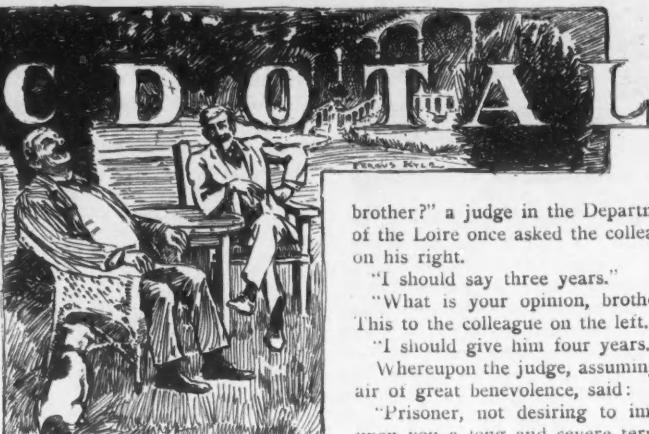
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The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

ANNE C'DO ITAL



WHEN Vice-President Fairbanks made his New England trip this fall, somebody, at one of the houses where he stopped, gave him a glass of buttermilk.

The Vice-President is a politician. He praised the buttermilk, said he was inordinately fond of it as a beverage, and that this was the best he ever tasted. His rhapsody was to tickle the housewife who gave him the drink, but it went further than that. Word was passed along that Mr. Fairbanks loved buttermilk, and he was served with it everywhere. The praise got into the newspapers and was commented on. Some irreverent paragraphers dubbed him "Buttermilk Charley."

The result was that Mr. Fairbanks was served with buttermilk for breakfast, dinner and supper. He found a pitcher of it at his elbow every time he stopped to rest.

Finally, he reached the house of Senator Proctor. The buttermilk was there, fresh and foaming.

The Vice-President was appalled. He was sick of buttermilk, loathed it. Calling Mr. Proctor to one side, he said, with tears in his eyes:

"Senator Proctor, I think I know you well enough to say to you that I can drink no more buttermilk. My stomach rebels. I beg and pray of you to take that horrible stuff away and get me a cup of coffee."

"Why, Mr. Vice-President," said the astonished Proctor, "I was given to understand that buttermilk is your favorite beverage."

"Favorite beverage!" groaned the Vice-President, "it may have been once, but I give you my word that, since I have been in this state, I have been unable to get a drink of water even. Please, please take it away!"

R EPRESENTATIVE WACHTER of Maryland ran for mayor of Baltimore a time ago and was defeated. He made many speeches in the city during his campaign. Wachter got a letter the other day that gave him pause. It read:

"You will probably remember me. I live in the Seventeenth Ward in Baltimore. I attended the last meeting at which you spoke. I sat on the stage. After your speech that night I was paralyzed, and I haven't recovered yet."

O NCE, in Nice, an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to separate on the Promenade des Anglais. The Englishman, as he started toward the Cercle Méditerranée, called back:

"Au reservoir!" And the Frenchman waved his hand and answered:

"Tanks!"

A CERTAIN professor was giving his pupils a lecture on Scotland and the Scots. "These hardy men," he said, "think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times every morning before breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the centre of the hall, and the professor angrily asked the offender what he meant by such conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied the lad, "that the poor Scottish chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed!"

A CERTAIN politician recently said, apropos of a rash course: "I can't approve of this action, because I am a foe to rashness. In handling the affairs of a great body of men I believe in prudence and carelessness. I am almost as prudent and careful as the weak-minded Scot of Peebles."

"This Scot, a silly look on his face, was skating near the famous iron bridge of Peebles on a winter day."

"Some young ladies wished to skate under the bridge, but they did not know whether the ice was safe or

"This Scot, a silly look on his face, was skating near the famous iron bridge of Peebles on a winter day."

"Some young ladies wished to skate under the bridge, but they did not know whether the ice was safe or

"This Scot, a silly look on his face, was skating near the famous iron bridge of Peebles on a winter day."

Your inspection cordially invited.

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PENS, ETC., ETC.

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7 and 9 King Street East

"What ought we to give this rascal,

brother?" a judge in the Department of the Loire once asked the colleague on his right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" This to the colleague on the left.

"I should give him four years."

Whereupon the judge, assuming an air of great benevolence, said:

"Prisoner, not desiring to impose upon you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brethren and shall take their advice. Seven years."

I T is said that Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, has on several occasions been asked by the Imperial authorities to accept an honor.

"The story is told that once when he declined, a friend asked him the reason. "Well," said Mr. Fielding, with a twinkle in his eye, "the fact is that when I receive a bill from my tailor now I can take a little delay in paying it, but if it came addressed to 'Sir William Fielding,' I should feel that I could not allow any delay under the circumstances."

A S Nicholas Douty, the song composer, was sitting in his studio in Philadelphia the other day, the telephone bell rang and, upon Mr. Douty's answering the call, a man whom he did not know asked:

"Will you be good enough to sing a solo of some appropriate sort at Mr. B.—'s funeral at the — church tomorrow at ten-thirty?"

Mr. Douty was no more acquainted with Mr. B.— than with the stranger who asked the favor, but he is an obliging man, and so said he would sing as requested, whereupon the stranger rang off.

The musician had just looked through his music and made a selection, when the 'phone again summoned him, and the same voice asked:

"By the way, Mr. Douty, do you mind telling me what it is that you have so kindly consented to sing tomorrow at the funeral?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Douty. "I have just looked over my music and decided to sing a very pretty setting which I have to Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar.'"

There came an explosion from the friend of the deceased.

"Good Heavens!" cried the unknown. "Don't think of singing that! Didn't you know that Mr. B.— was a saloon-keeper?"

"The Southerner's eye brightened at the familiar word.

"I saw that play once!" he broke in, delightedly. "Down in Nashville, I—"

"What did you think of it?"

queried a bystander.

"Mighty good show," agreed the Southerner. "There was a nigger named Salvini in it, and I couldn't see but what the coon acted as good as any of the white folks they had."

"Are you quite sure these eggs are fresh?" she asked.

"They are, madam."

"You will guarantee them?"

"I will, madam."

"But how am I to know that you know they are fresh?"

"My dear lady," said the exhausted shopman, with incisive emphasis, "if you will kindly step to the telephone and ring up our farm, you will hear the hens that laid them still cackling! I'm afraid I can't say any more than that."

"Thirty dollars, sir," was the reply.

"That is entirely too much," explained the man, irritably. "I intend it as a present for my wife. I'll give you twenty dollars for it."

"In that case, sir," politely responded the salesman, "it would be I that gave the present to your wife; and I have not the honor of the lady's acquaintance."

"T HAT settles me," said the street car conductor, as he returned to the rear platform after having made his collection of fares.

"Anything wrong?" was asked.

"I should remark! There was an inspector looking through the front doors at me while I was collecting fares, and there was a spotter on the

conductor's bus."

"But you are an honest man."

"Sure, but that has nothing to do with it. Me girl is in the car. I had to hold out my paw for her nickel as well as the rest. I have passed her free score of times, but this time I couldn't. She blushed and paid, but that ends the romance."

"To-night when I show up at the house as usual I'll find it in darkness, and when I ring away at the bell, somebody'll call out from a top window."

"Go away! We have no umbrellas to mend here!"

THERE is a custom in French jurisprudence that sanctions the consultation by a judge, in provincial courts, with colleagues on the bench when sentence is to be passed upon certain classes of malefactors.

"Please, sir, is this Glasgow?" she inquired.

"Yes, this is Glasgow."

"Please," said the girl, "is Peggy in?"

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19

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NO GAME LAWS WHERE
THE BIGGEST GAME
IS SHOT

The Elephant and other animals
threatened with destruction.

tion with which we all regard him. Sir Harry Johnston has more than once seen a wounded elephant being helped and pushed along by his companions, a trait which has frequently been observed by other travellers. Captain Weatherby once saw four female elephants prop up and march off a badly wounded bull elephant, two of them helping him along, while two remained slightly behind to ward off the hunter's attacks.

The Financial Vampire.
A fool there was, and he bought some
stock

(Even as you and I!)
He was told it was strong as eternal
rock.

(We called him a lamb of the newest
flock)

But the fool he bought an enormous
block.

(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the risks we take and the deals
we make,

And the spoil of our head and hand
Belong to the Magnate who knew too
much,

(And now we know that he knew too
much.)

But we didn't understand.

A fool there and his stock he sold

(Even as you and I!)
And then, with a bound, it upward
rolled

At the word of the Magnate who con-
trolled,

But the fool was scared and his feet
got cold.

(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we
lost,

And the excellent gains we planned
Belong to the Magnate who knew too
much,

(And now we know that he knew too
much.)

But we didn't understand.

A fool there was and his stock he
held

(Even as you and I!)
And the price went down like a tree
that's felled

(Yet somehow the Magnate's surplus
swelled),

But Ruin for that same fool was
spelled.

(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the dross and it isn't the
loss

That stings like a red-hot brand,
It's coming to know we don't know
much

(Seeing at last we can never know
much)

And never can understand.

—Carolyn Wells in *Van Norden's Magazine*.

DEAN STANLEY
AT THE CLUB

"N 1878 or thereabouts," said a
man, "I was a green reporter
in New York. I followed
that line for a year or two
and the only noteworthy
thing I did was to be the unwitting
instrument of handing to one of the
world's most famous men the humili-
lest moment of his life.

"It was in 1878 or 1879 that Arthur
Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westmin-
ster, visited America. His position
was, perhaps, more conspicuous than
that of any other living clergyman.

"He was greatly honored by Queen
Victoria. It was he who preached
the funeral sermons for Carlyle and
Lord Beaconsfield. It was Queen
Victoria who gave him the proudest
moments of his life; it was I who,
all unwittingly and unwillingly, gave
him his humblest moment.

"While he was in New York Dean
Stanley was most of the time the
guest of Cyrus West Field, the man
who became world famous by demon-
strating the practicability of ocean
telegraphy, honored and decorated
by kings, and whom John Bright pro-
nounced 'the Columbus of modern
times, who by his cable has moored
the New World alongside the Old.'

"One afternoon the city editor told
me to call at Mr. Field's house in the
evening and find how his distinguished
guest had spent the day. Mr. Field received me civilly and gave
me the information.

"I asked him what was the pro-
gramme for the following day, and
he said the first thing was to be a
breakfast to Dean Stanley at 11
o'clock at the Century Club. I asked
him if Dean Stanley would speak.

"'Most likely,' said Mr. Field, 'he
will have something to say.'

"Then it will be his first public or
semi-public utterance since arriving
in America,' I suggested.

"'Yes,' replied Mr. Field, 'but
rather semi-public than public.'

"'Can I get in?' I inquired.

"'No,' said Mr. Field, 'for it is
against the rules of the club to have
any reporters present.'

"'How about guests?' I asked.

"'Each member of the club, I think,

may invite two guests,' he said.

"'Will you invite me as one of
your guests?' I asked.

"'Well,' said he, 'I don't know
whether I ought to do that, but—'

"'But,' I interrupted, 'Dean Stan-
ley's first formal talk in America will
be very interesting to Americans, and
they will want to know what he said,
and I very much want to report it.'

"Mr. Field was silent for a moment.
Then he said:

"'Well, I can't promise you now,
but come to the club a little before
eleven in the morning, send your card
to me, and maybe you will get in.'

"The next morning, when I began
to dress for the breakfast at which I
hoped to get a seat—there have been
times in my life when I wanted a
breakfast mighty bad, but never another
time when I wanted one so badly as I
wanted this one—I was in a
quandary as to what I should wear.

Mr. Field had told me the names of
some of the guests who were to be
there, and I figured that I would be
as inconspicuous in evening clothes
among them as in a morning suit.

"So I went around in a dress suit
and black tie, and, greatly to my relief,
found a majority of the men in
sight were similarly attired.

"I sent my card to Mr. Field and
he came and spoke to me pleasantly,
introducing me to three or four men
whom he greeted at the same time.
When breakfast was announced I
was in with them.

"It was like the ordinary breakfast
to a distinguished guest, and every-
thing went smoothly for me until the
guest of honor was introduced and
arose. Dean Stanley was a rosy faced
little Englishman, full of good humor
and very much at home on such an
occasion.

"When he began to speak your
humble servant got busy. My left
arm lay in my lap and on the shirt
cuff I was making pot hooks intently,
but, I hoped, unostentatiously.

"Suddenly Dean Stanley stopped
speaking. Looking down the tables
toward where I was sitting he said,
very gravely:

"'Gentlemen, this is the humblest
moment of my life!'

"Then he went on to say that he
was not used to American ways, but
the last thing he anticipated was that
in an exclusive club he should find
his remarks being taken down in
shorthand, presumably for publication.

"There must have been something
in the looks of the other guests,
most of them elderly men and very
used to American ways, which told
him that the incident did not strike
them as particularly outrageous, for
his manner became less grave and he
wound up his allusion to the incident
in a half humorous way that seemed
to be intended to assure those present
that he had not taken offence.

"Was I embarrassed? Well, never
mind me. The rest of the Dean's talk
I reported from memory."

"Little Boy—Are not all the words
used to be found in the dictionary,
papa?

"No, my child, new words are coined
every day."

"And what is the last word, papa?"

"I don't know, dear. Ask your
mother, she always has the last
word."—Translated from *Le Rire*.

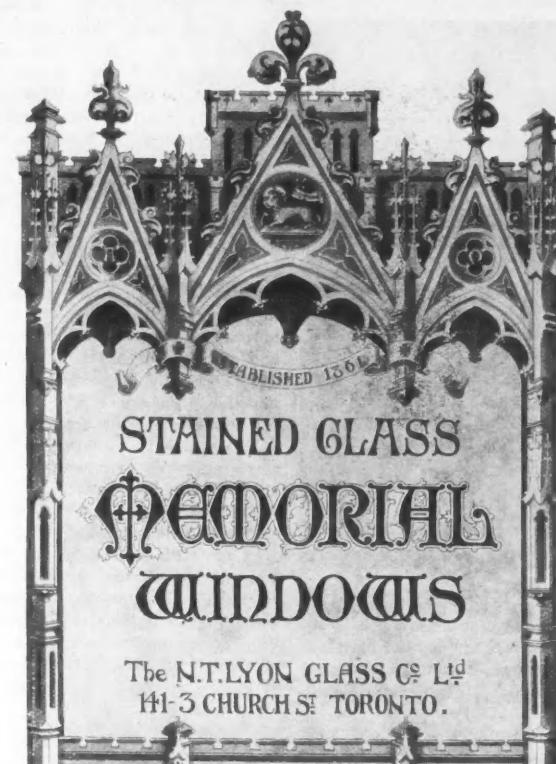
• • •

Mrs. Newlywed: "Well, Henry,
how do you like my Christmas pud-
ding?"

Mr. Newlywed: "Dearest, it is
just like the pudding that my father
used to say was not like his mother
used to make!"

• • •

It takes two to make a marriage,
but only one to mar one.—Smart Set.



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SOCIETY

Music
(Continued from Page 17.)



MR. WM. D. WILSON
President of the Victoria Club, Toronto.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Frances Rosetta Emma Davidson, daughter of Mrs. John Davidson, to Mr. Harry Croft Rae, on Wednesday, January 2, at 3 o'clock, in St. Luke's Church, St. Vincent street.

Mrs. Greening's dance, in honor of her daughter's debut, took place on Thursday evening, at McConeky's. The house party included Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Greening, Miss Dorothy Henderson and Miss Edna Hoodless of Hamilton; Miss Leslie Forbes of Guelph, Miss Ramsay of Montreal and Mr. Patrick Davis of Windsor.

The marriage of Georgina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Allan, Paris, Ont., to Robert Alvin McLurg, M.D. (Trinity, '04), of Battleford, Sask., son of James McLurg, M.D., Sault Ste Marie, Ont., is arranged to take place New Year's Day.

The marriage of Miss Augusta Streamer, daughter of Mrs. Marcus Streamer, to Mr. Harry Marks, will take place on Wednesday, December 26, at the bride's residence, 16 Bleecker street.

Lady Howland, accompanied by Miss Bessie Bethune, is spending Christmastide with her daughter, Mrs. A. W. McDougald. Mr. and Mrs. McDougald have given up The Manor at Williamstown, Glengarry, where they have resided for several years, and are now established at Alexandria.

The marriage of Miss Winifred Beith, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Beith, to Charles Paxton Blair, will take place at Bowmanville on Wednesday, January 2.

Mr. Walter T. Andrews is in Sydney, Cape Breton, for a month. His son, Mr. Gordon Andrews, is spending his vacation from Trinity with relatives in Detroit.

Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson of Durham are settled at 151 Crescent road, where Mrs. Jamieson will receive after the New Year.

Which is correct—Rathnelly or Rathnelly—Wilcox or Wilcocks—is a question puzzling anyone who is up against the two specimens of orthography in our street nomenclature.

Mrs. Jack Hood has returned to Woodstock and is expecting a visit from her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Mullen of England.

Mrs. Greville-Harston has sent out invitations to a "carpet dance" at her residence in Willcocks street, which is dated for December 27. Although Mrs. Greville-Harston has no *debutante* to present to society she has what a profane girl calls a "debut," in the person of her husband's young nephew, Mr. Gerald Harston of Stafford, England.

The marriage of Miss Frances Jane Stammers, daughter of Mr. S. J. Stammers of 4 Grove avenue, and Mr. Robert Kyle Sproule, will take place on December 31, and invitations have been out for some days to the happy event. Both parties have many warm friends in Toronto, and congratulations are numerous.

Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne has returned from Montreal. Dr. Charles O'Reilly is enjoying a pleasant visit in Montreal. Miss Dot Kirkpatrick has returned to Niagara Falls. The Messrs. Jack and Winfield Sifton have gone to their home in Ottawa for the vacation. Mr. Keating has gone to Mexico. Mrs. Douglas Young has been in town this week.

A man may have a heart big enough to love two women at one time, but he ought to have more head.—Smart Set.

Frenchman, with the exception of Loeffler. He says on this point: "Now, I wish I could persuade myself that I am mistaken, but it seemed to me that most of the young composers whose works I read in America were in too much haste. Here and there a touch of beauty showed what might have been produced if the author had only studied his art thoroughly and given time a chance to act in the periods of invention and arrangement. In some cases, where the composer was better endowed naturally, this hurried composition had not prevented the development of a certain studied elegance in the ideas; but the effort was not carried far enough, and the thought was not fully expanded. Others, on the contrary, appeared to imagine that composition was little else than a subtle concatenation of harmonies, and one of these, when I asked him for his plan of work, which he showed me, and which seemed incomplete, answered that his piece was constructed according to a "chromatic plan"—a very funny reply, for it was much as though an architect were to say: "I intend to erect this building on a foundation of blue and red!"

The Germans also displease Vincent D'Indy: "The German, as I have just said, is almost totally lacking in taste. A musician by nature and education, he is inebriated by sonorities, is charmed by all kinds of music, and does not know how to distinguish the good from the bad. He will listen with the same enthusiasm to a beautiful masterpiece like "Freischütz" or "Parzifal," and to a perfect platitude, like Auber's "Fra Diavolo" or Nicolai's "Lustige Weibchen." He will applaud with the same conviction the "Battle of Vittoria," that very inferior production of Beethoven, and the "Johannis-Passion" of Bach. Nor should it be forgotten that the ridiculous "Cavalleria" of Mascagni was received in Germany as a work of genius, whereas France and her sister state of Belgium immediately judged it and reduced to its just level this unhealthy production of trans-Alpine speculation. It follows from what has just been said that, though the German is a born musician, his opinion of a musical work is without artistic value.

A writer in *The London Musical Opinion*, says, in regard to the present conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society: "Few are aware that Safonoff travelled as a virtuoso of the piano through Germany, Austria, Hungary and the Baltic Provinces before he took to 'playing on the orchestra'; but his mobility of fingers displayed while conducting mark him out as an executant. Only those seated in the orchestra are aware of the significance of these movements. From the auditorium they are lost; which matters little, for, if seen, they would not be understood.

It was indeed no misnomer on Safonoff's part to call his fingers his ten sticks, for each represents one in miniature. His method of marking the entries of various instruments by holding up in succession one, two, three and four fingers is part of a code. His coat off—for the Cosack has a habit of conducting at rehearsals in his shirt sleeves—the strength of his muscular arms is revealed; a gift of physique which long-continued conducting has helped to develop. . . .

Safonoff is emphatic with regard to his rights. "A conductor," he says, "should be allowed a free hand in the matter of interpretation; *nuances* should be left to his discretion; all printed marks short of bowing and of phrasing should be eliminated." This alludes more particularly to works of the past which have from time to time been subject to meddlesome revision, and not, of course, to the modern school. For Tschaikovsky was a rigorist as to detail; but Safonoff demands even more than Tschaikovsky—a fact that will account for the triumph of Safonoff and for the failure of Tschaikovsky to make the Pathetic Symphony a success. Such effects, I have heard Safonoff say at rehearsals, cannot be explained on paper; "and what matters alteration so long as we add to the beauty of the music?" Of his own showing, his daring has met with opposition—notably in the case of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, who resented an alteration to *f* of a passage usually played *f*. A tactful explanation influenced them to his way of thinking; and he never gained a greater success than with this particular orchestra. After all, there is nothing unreasonable in what he asks; for what conductor worthy of the name does not endeavor to invest his rendering with individuality?

A trait of Gounod was his passion for expression. "If it is true," says Saint-Saëns, "as M. Camille Bellague has remarked, that expression is

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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His Majesty the King of Spain.



MASON—Toronto, December 18, Mrs. Alfred Mason, a son.

MARRIAGES.
DUMBLE—CAMPBELL—Winnipeg, December 17, Flora Isabella Campbell to Thomas H. Dumble.

FE—CLARKE—Toronto, December 19, Margery Workman Clark to Thomas J. Fee.

GUEST—WALKER—Toronto, December 15, Gladys Walker to J. F. H. Guest.

HARVARD—PRINGLE—Toronto, December 18, Minnie Blanche Pringle to Harry F. Harvard.

McLAREN—FLOOD—Toronto, December 15, Frances Emma Flood to Henry Evatt McLaren.

DEATHS.
BLEVINS—Toronto, December 16, Margaret Blevins.

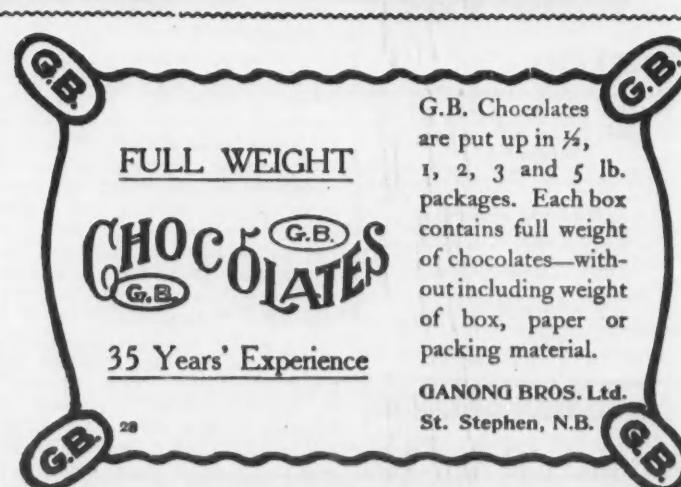
CRAIG—Toronto, December 18, James P. Craig, aged 63 years.

CROWLE—Toronto, December 17, Mrs. Annie Collier Crowle, aged 84 years.

FAIRBAIRN—Chicago, December 18, Mrs. Jane Roger Fairbairn, aged 64 years.

MACLEAN—Winnipeg, December 16, George Maclean, aged 57 years.

NOXON—Toronto, December 16, George B. McKay, a son.



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HIS FIRST ROUND.

Caddie (pointing to direction flag)—"You'd better play right on the flag, sir."

Curate—"Thank you very much. But I have very grave doubts as to my ability to hit such a very small mark at this distance!"—Punch.

A Firelight Fancy

BY IVAN L. WRIGHT.

It was Christmas Eve. Outside, the wind was howling madly, piling the rapidly-falling snow in huge drifts about the fences and across the roads. No one was abroad, the only signs of life being the twinkling lights in the windows of the houses dotted about the countryside. A wild night it was indeed!

A large, old-fashioned farm house, standing far back from the road, amid a grove of wildly-tossing trees, seemed to be the centre of the storm. As the wind moaned and shrieked about the corners of this old place, or tore across the roof, one could almost fancy the elements, championed by the gods, in conflict unto death. Nature was in a mood, and no one dared to face the swirling snow and whirling wind.

In a room of this solid old building, a white-haired man sat before a blazing grate fire, which crackled cosily about an immense log. He heeded not the storm outside, save when the wind softened in tone to a mysterious, rhythmic sound. Then the wrinkled face relaxed, a faint smile crept across the mouth, the hands, resting upon the arms of the chair, opened and closed, closed and opened, as though they would coax the warmth from the fire to come closer. Then the wind howled on again! The old man leaned forward to poke a slipping stick into position, then again gazed steadfastly into the fire. The dancing flames and glowing embers seemed to fascinate him, as he built again the castles of his boyhood. The ashes in the grate concealed the shattered foundations of many a noble structure, erected when youth was strong and hope ran high.

Suddenly in the fire he saw a young man about twenty-eight years old, and instead of burning, blazing wood, there was a vast sheet of prairie, covered deep with glistening snow, across the face of which, like a ragged scratch, wound a foot trail. Along this lone path at an easy, steady canter, rode the young man. His seat in the saddle told of a familiarity with life as it is lived in the West—astride a horse. His body, rather slim, was well knit, and his face, strong and kind, was pleasing to look upon.

He was riding home from the settlement store, at which he had purchased some few small things for his young wife and little child, for the morrow would be Christmas. His heart was full of pride and warmth at the thought of the waiting ones at home, who were all the world to him.

But, look! did you see one ear of the horse turn back in listening attitude? And a few minutes later the man straightened himself suddenly in the saddle. What was it? Like the crying of the wind in the far distance came a moan-like sound that left the horseman wondering if his ears had deceived him. He listened, every sense on the alert, but heard nothing more. He relaxed again to the swing of the horse, with the words—"Dreaming! and my fancy's playing tricks." Not long, however, when, once more, this time quite distinct, across the crisp night air came

a sound that, once heard, would never be forgotten.

"Wolves! or I'm mistaken! Come, Bessie girl, we've many a mile 'twixt this and home. The brutes are a long way back and we'll fool them yet!"

The horse seemed to understand and quickened her pace, drawing herself together for a long, hard ride. On they went, the horse's feet pounding a thud! thud! on the hard-packed snow of the trail; the rider, leaning well down over the saddle to escape the rush of air as man and beast sped on, spoke softly: "Good girl! good Bess!"

Again that sound—half moan, half yelp, blended into one by the distance. No doubt of its meaning then! Wolves! What hope had man or beast caught in the open, from help or shelter, when these animals, made mad of hunger, were on the trail!

Once more, but louder, that far-off wail as of a coming storm! Just a little lower bent the rider, as he said: "Good Bess, we'll escape them yet!" And so they rode for some few minutes, when, looking back, the young man saw a dark moving mass of shadow far behind. "On, Bessie, on!" he cried, "we've much to do!"

The wolves drew steadily nearer, the lean bodies of their leaders outlined sharply against the pure white snow. Again the horseman looked behind, and seeing the gain the pack had made, urged—"On, Bessie, on!" The thought of the waiting wife and the little child found expression in—"On, Bessie, on! On, Bessie, on!" The horse was nobly doing all she could, but still the cry—"On, Bessie, on," rang out upon the frosty night. "On, Bessie, on girl!"

The wolves were not a hundred yards in the rear. The young man drew his revolver, and waiting a minute or two, fired. The hideous panting mass staggered as though struck a mighty blow in the face; three of their number fell and were pounced upon by the living before they had joined the dead, and the rip and rend of flesh was in the air.

This check, though momentary, gave the horseman time to gain some of the lost distance, but the pack, crazy with the taste of blood, were away again.

"On, Bessie, on! On, Bessie, good girl!" Again the rider turned and fired, then threw the now empty and useless weapon away. Two more wolves went down; more blood, more rip and tear, then on once more.

It could not last! There could be but one result. The laboring horse tried nobly to obey the "On, Bessie, on!" but she had reached the limit of her speed. "On, Bessie, on!"

Everything depended upon the horse, and the race was one for life! "On, Bessie, on!" rang out that cry upon the night. The wolves were creeping up, their quick-coming breaths distinctly heard by the white-faced rider. And so the race held on, and still that cry rang out across the waste of prairie—"On, Bessie, on!"

One of the leaders, hurling himself forward, sprang at the flying horse; but fell short. Again the great brute tried, but unsuccessfully.

"On, Bessie, on!" The good horse strained and tried! "On, Bessie,

on!" Ahead was a light in a window—if they could hold it a minute or two longer all would be well. "On, Bessie, on!" But suddenly—down went the horse, spent and broken! With a mad howl the wolves closed in, and—

"Grandfather!"

The old man before the fire started from his chair to be almost overwhelmed by three sturdy grandchildren, who had rushed into the room, clamoring for their good-night kiss.

He had been dreaming of his youth.

Thornhill, Dec., '06.

Sleepin' on the Floor.

Sometimes, when we gits company
An' all the beds is full,
Our ma she says to Jim an' me,
We'n we gits home fr'm school:
"You boys can't have y'r room t'night,
But that don't make us sore,
'Cause then we know she'll make us up
A nice bed on the floor.

She makes it in th' parlor,
With the bricky-brack an' all,
An' we c'n lay an' rubber
At th' pict'ers on the wall,
An' we p'tends we're emmigrants
A-campin' in th' wil',
An' has t' keep th' light turned up
T' scare the anmymiles.

It's better'n any reg'lar bed,
'Cause it don't squeak n'r shake,
An' wen yer turnin' summ'ersets
They ain't no springs t' break,
Y' never haf t' keep no track
'Bout which is foot an' head,
B'sides, no matter whut y' do,
Y' can't fall out o' bed.

W'en I grow up, ef I'm ez rich
Ez ol' John Rockybilt,
I won't hev no beds in my house,
But I'll jes' take a quilt
An' big, fat pillers, like my ma's—
Er as much ez three er four—
An' hev the biggest kind o' fun
A-sleepin' on th' floor.

—Daily Picayune."

Admirers of Goldwin Smith have sometimes wondered that he left Oxford and quitted England when his fame and influence had reached their highest. Not long ago he made some explanation that throws some light on the change in his life. He says: "I am described as being brought to the New World by dreams of wild vanity which I thought the New World could alone realize. I had settled down for life on my Professorship at Oxford, and had built a house there. I was called away and obliged to resign my chair by a sad domestic duty, in the performance of which I had to spend a year and a half. Then, having no special employment, and being much in need of change, I gladly accepted the invitation of Mr. Andrew White to help him in the foundation of Cornell University, for the special benefit of poor students. Having lectured at Cornell for two years, I came to reside with the branches of my family settled before me in Canada. It happened that at the time of leaving England I had before me an offer of the nomination of my party for a parliamentary constituency in which it had a sure majority. I had a similar overture after settling here. Had I ever desired it, a political career was open."



We take old instruments in part payment of new ones. We will make a valuation on your old piano or organ without charge.

"Get a Bell Piano For Christmas"

"Letting you take our Square Piano in place of your new upright has been the means of making a wonderful improvement in our parlor," said a well-pleased customer the other day. In his case as in many, we arranged the whole matter without inconvenience and at trifling outlay. Along early in December he sent us a postal card asking us to look at his old piano. We did so, and made him a liberal allowance for it in part payment of a new Bell Piano. We accepted the old piano and ten dollars as a first payment, and arranged to receive the balance at the rate of seven dollars monthly.

In this instance, as is often the case, our customer left the matter entirely in our hands. We made the selection, sent home the new instrument, and brought the old piano away. Why shouldn't we do the same for you? On receipt of a message by postal, letter or phone, our representative will come to your house at any time you may appoint, day or evening, and give you all the information you require. He will tell you what the old instrument is worth, and our prices and terms on the many different styles of new Bell Pianos.

If you have an old piano, let us take it in part payment of an upright. You will surely be delighted when the change has been completed.

All Bell Pianos contain the illimitable quick repeating action.

Bell Pianos
WAREROOMS
146 YONGE ST.

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Price, \$10.50

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Out-of-town residents can get into touch with this offering through our new catalogue, in which we illustrate 23 different pieces of Cluta Rush Furniture.

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From Soup to Dessert an abundant choice is here for every course and

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— a piano for three generations' use. Think of the pleasure that has come to people to whom we sold the Steinways of fifty years ago—and think of the prospect of pleasure before those who are now buying the vastly improved Steinways of to-day.

— think of the real economy in the purchase of the Steinways of fifty years ago, which are giving service to-day. Think of such a piano as the Steinway of to-day at \$600. Its eventual cost would be only twelve dollars a year—a dollar a month.

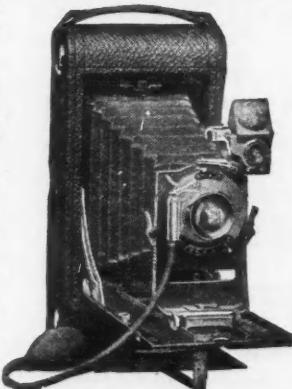
— is there such value in anything else you can buy? Steinway Vertegrand, the best upright piano ever made, \$600; Steinway Miniature Grand, the smallest REAL grand piano, \$950.

A fine assortment of these superb pianos now on view at the warerooms of the Canadian representatives:

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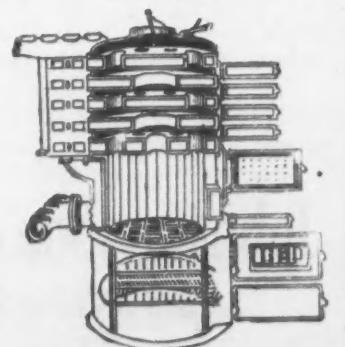
J. G. Ramsey & Co., Ltd.
89 Bay Street
ENLARGEMENTS A SPECIALTY

The Sovereign Hot Water Boiler

One of the new things about the "Sovereign" is its sifting grate. This is a section directly beneath the fire-pot, into which the ashes fall before reaching the ash-pit. After

shaking the fire, or stirring it up to remove clinkers, some heavy pieces are likely to fall through along with the ashes. In the "Sovereign" these are retained on the sifting grate, where they may be shaken clean and then shovelled into the fire pot again. What goes into the ash-pit is pure waste and may be put in the ash-barrel without more thought.

The clinker door is another accessory to the firepot. It gives space to run the poker full over the base of the fire to force out or break up any clinkers that may be lodged there. This may be done without disturbing the bed of the fire.



Taylor - Forbes Co.
Limited.

TORONTO — GUELPH
MONTREAL.

SOME POPULAR FALACIES

THE poets are responsible for most of the current falacries. In order to make a nourishing reputation, they concocted a great deal of fiction, which was palmed off on an unsuspecting public as original facts, and because they could say it in rhyme, people who had to express their ideas in everyday, and sometimes doubtful, English, were afraid to contradict them. We of the twentieth century, being for the most part possessed of rhyming dictionaries, and a sophistication unknown to our forebears, are apt to scoff at such hoary quotations as "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Anyone who has been so unfortunate as to write Mrs. Smith when she should have written Mrs. Smyth, feels that there is a great deal in a name. The little darkie, whose parents, with touching faith in the poetic diction, christened her "Lily," finds out when she goes to school that a misfit name may be a genuine source of misery. The young man named Ernest, who ingeniously explained that when "out West" he called himself Bill because "Ernest was such a 'Willie' name," could have given the poet pointers. So, too, could the girl with a complexion like a badly baked pie, whose optimistic parents forced her to respond to the name "Rose." Then as far as the odor is concerned, anyone who has gone up against onion poultice and onion syrup, those homely cur-a-alls, will back the onion as being strong enough to live up to its reputation under any circumstances.

Possibly it is during the days of our childhood that we suffer most from these poetic impostors. Few are the children whose infantile squabbles have not been interrupted by a stern Ma who, as she effectively and impartially plied the slipper, added insult to injury by quoting:—

"Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight."

Tommie and Jimmie could have given their maternal progenitor an eye-opener as to the true character of "birds in their little nests," but the occasions on which she declaimed the poetry never seemed suited to calm discussion.

A bitter moment, though, is that which follows Jimmie Jones' fistic encounter with Billy Brown, whose expression in bald, rude, terms of his opinion of the Jones' family in general and Jimmie in particular, demanded instant and gory satisfaction. Jimmie, returning from the sanguinary contest, his heart filled with pride and one eye closed to this wicked world, discovers that instead of being a hero he is regarded as a disgusting spectacle. He is held up to his younger brothers as a horrible example, and while his mother applies raw beefsteak to the injured optic, she attempts his moral regeneration with the nauseous statement that: "Sticks and stones may break your bones, but names can never hurt you." Jimmie feels that there is a screw loose somewhere in his mother's logic, though he may not be able to prove it.

Proof there is in plenty, however. Physical suffering is by no means the hardest to endure, and anyone whose pride, dignity or self-respect has suffered at the hands of the opprobrious epithet hurler, can testify to the severity of the sting. An interesting point which might be mentioned right here is that where the names of animals are used to contemptuously describe humans, it is the name of the mature animal that is usually employed. For instance, a girl feels rather flattered at being called "chicky," but call her a hen and see what will happen. Pick out a girl you don't like. Once will satisfy your curiosity. Kitten, too, is a complimentary name used frequently by lovers as a term of endearment, but if the young man was very eligible, the girls who were disappointed will call his fiancee a cat, and the epithet will not be prompted by affection.

At this point we return, gradually and gracefully, to our mutton. But what connection, you ask, is there between cats and mutton? Well, a Chicago packing-house is the best connection I can mention off-hand. Since my train of thought has again been broken, I might digress sufficiently to note that this, like every well-conducted rule, has exceptions. Any intelligent person would rather be called a cow than a calf, if selection were necessary. A man who feels hugely flattered when described as a lion would knock you down if you called him a cub. When it comes to dog and puppy you feel you are confronted by Hobson's choice. All is not lost, however, for by the skilful use of an adjective you

can make a man a "sly dog" and he considers himself the recipient of a delicate compliment.

Although there are many more falacries such as the world-wide popularity of lovers, and women lacking a sense of humor, which it is obviously someone's duty to expose, it is not my intention to do so. I have proved, despite the poet's assertion as to the impotency of names, that there is not a Brown anywhere on this terrestrial sphere but would fain change his cognomen to Vere de Vere. So it now rests with someone else to carry on the propaganda, for, like the financial magnates, I believe that,

One thing at a time
And that done well,
Makes a pile in the bank,
As many could tell.
Toronto, December, '06.

Where the Caribou is Rare.

Carter Van Borden and James Smith, both of Seattle, and Charles Johnston of Spokane, returned to Spokane from the lakes north of Priest Lake one day last week, bringing with them the horns of a beautiful caribou, the only one that has been known to have been caught in this section of the country for years.

The three men tell a stirring story of the capture of these horns. The hunters say they had been in the hills near the lake and on the lakes for about six weeks, getting but one sign of the rare animals until a week ago last Monday, when Johnson started the fleet deer on the hill to the east of the further lake.

According to Johnson's story, Van Borden and Smith were in the boat on the lake, and the caribou, not seeing them, started for the lake, away from the hunter. Johnson followed him down a narrow defile, and, on his nearer approach, but still not within gunshot, the caribou jumped into the lake and started for the other shore.

Johnson took a long shot at the animal, but without effect. The shot drew the attention of the two men to the boat. Smith and Van Borden were unarmed, but they thought they had a good chance with the caribou in the water, and started after the big deer. They state that they caught him and that a great fight ensued. The caribou, through the careless and excited handling of the boat, overturned it and dumped its occupants into the water.

During the fight, however, the caribou was turned around and, continuing its course, struck the land at the place where it started. Johnson was waiting, and as it came out of the water he sent the bullet through its heart.

The horns will be used to decorate the library of Mr. Smith, who won the trophy in the tossing of a coin which was to decide who was to possess the prize.

Motor Triplets.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

At sight of a car
I'm filled with disgust;
They're too fast by far.
At sight of a car
I catch a catarrh
From the smell and the dust.
At sight of a car
I'm filled with disgust!

HE GETS A LIFT.

How splendid the speed
And the rush of the air!
'Tis ripping indeed—
How splendid the speed!
See those people stampede?
They should not have been there.
How splendid the speed
And the rush of the air!

—Grand Magazine.

Nearly all the royalties of Europe could, if driven to it, earn their own living.

The Queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, makes an income from her books that many authors cannot equal.

The Emperor of Russia has a sweet and well trained tenor voice.

The Queen of Italy is a linguist of unusual talent. Conversing fluently and correctly in eight languages, she could get, at any time a good position as a teacher.

The King of England is one of the best judges of wines and cigars in the world. As a wine or tobacco expert or as a dealer in these luxuries he would soon have grown rich.

The Queen of Portugal has a medical degree and could easily earn her living as a doctor.

The German Emperor is a bookbinder. He might also make his living as a horse dealer.

A "literary press agent" is represented in the current number of The Bookman, by an alleged confession of methods adopted to force the sale of books. Among the advertising plans described is that of critical, even abusive, letters from friends of the "press agent," written to the newspapers with the object of stirring up discussion. It is said that many books that would have slumbered in

Home Improvement

Have you a new house? No matter, interior improvement is just as necessary in an old house. New ideas, improved taste and the example of progressive friends ought to make every householder eager to beautify the principle apartments of his home.

Den, Dining-room, Bedroom and Drawing-room interiors done in elegant, unique and skilful manner by the craftsmen of the Arts & Crafts.

You are welcome to visit the studio and see some of the plans and ideas.

The Arts & Crafts

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Studio: 91-93 West King Street
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A new Canadian record accomplished in 4½ years:

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Deposits, over	15,000,000
Capital, Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, over	5,250,000

Your account—large or small—is invited.

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Interest paid 4 times a year—

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A large assortment to choose from and a good opportunity to supply your Christmas needs at mu h under regular prices.

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from Dorenwend's make both a useful and acceptable gift from a member of the family. Our superior stock offers a better assortment than any other—and if its from Dorenwend's the recipient will appreciate the quality of the gift.

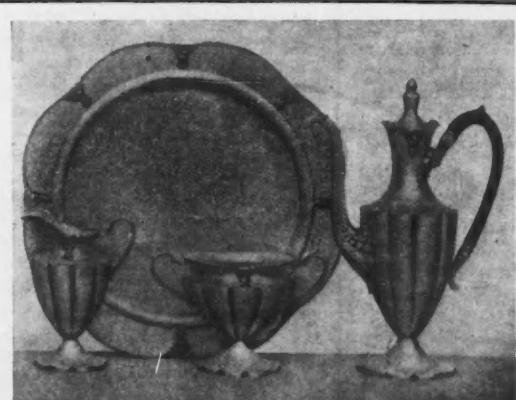
Xmas Hair Dressing

Special attention is being given by our many experts to execute the smartest dressing appropriate for the festive social season.

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obscurity have been sold rapidly by this scheme of forced public attention.

To enable those who buy and read as they run to choose discriminatingly, London Punch suggests a new-color-scheme for bindings. "Novels shall be bound and colored according to their contents. Thus, sensational fiction must be issued in red boards,

idylls of rural tranquility in green or tree calf, whilst brown covers are reserved for essays of the ruminating type, dispatched from study windows and the like."

Smith (examining mummy in museum)—That woman is mighty well preserved for her age.—Translated from L'Indiscret.

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MINERAL WATER**

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A night spent in Cook's Turkish Baths is the very best recuperative for travel tire. Come here and leave your grip when you arrive in the city, and when your business is transacted return for the night. After your bath you will enjoy a tranquil, restoring rest. In the morning you will be thoroughly refreshed and ready for a strenuous day's work. It costs no more to have one of our famous baths with a bed over-night than you will pay for lodging alone in a good hotel.

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But give me just a true good fellow
Wi' right ingine
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow,
And then we'll shine. —BURNS.

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Society at the Capital

ON summing up the various entertainments of last week, dinners appear to have been more popular than heretofore this season, and several most charming ones were scattered through the week's list of social events.

Hon. Sidney Fisher, one of the most successful and popular hosts in the Capital, owing a great deal to the fact that he has the happy knack of always inviting congenial guests, gave an exceedingly bright and well arranged dinner on Wednesday evening, when the table decorations, all in yellow, were carried out with the aid of beautiful 'mums and broad satin ribbons in that pretty color. His guests included: Lord Howick, Hon. Chief Justice and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Hon. W. S. and Miss Fielding, Dr. James Fletcher and Miss Dorothy Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Macoun, Miss Molly Cartwright and Mr. W. L. MacKenzie King.

The two dinners which usually come off every week at Government House during each session, added to the enjoyment of many last week, one taking place on Wednesday and the second on the following evening. Wednesday's list of guests included the following: Hon. Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Miss Borden, Hon. Mr. and the Misses Emmerson, Lord and Lady Aylmer, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Roy, Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., and Mrs. Monk, Mr. Armand Lavergne, M.P., and Madame Lavergne, Lieutenant-Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Sherwood, Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gormally and Miss Winifred Gormally, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Bogert, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. William Macdougall, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, Mr. D. C. Campbell and Mr. George Sparks. Those honored with invitations for Thursday evening were: Sir Elzear and Lady Taschereau, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. William and Mrs. Paterson, Hon. J. I. and Madame Tarte, Hon. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Kirchhofer, Hon. R. F. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Edmund Bristol, M.P., and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., and Mrs. Guthrie, Mr. Bergeron, M.P., and Mrs. Bergeron, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Beckett, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Henry Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Miss MacLeod Clark, Major P. Casgrain, Mr. E. M. Macdonald, M.P., and Mr. Appleton.

Wednesday seems to have been the favorite day for dinners, and on that evening Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden added one more to their already long list of entertainments of the yet young season, in giving a most delightful dinner, their guests being Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ward of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Bergeron of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan and Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross. Graceful white 'mums were lavishly and very artistically arranged on the table.

A bright and very jolly dinner, when the invitations were confined to young people only, came off on Thursday, when Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Finnie entertained in this very acceptable manner for their visitor, Miss Gibson of Beamsville, who has been persuaded to extend her visit in town for several days longer. Those who met on this occasion were: Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Carrie McLaren and her guest, Miss Mary McKeough of Chatham, Miss Beatrice Lindsay, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Gladys Irwin, Mr. Fred Hogg, Mr. Ainslie Greene, Mr. H. Hill, Mr. Pat Edwards, Mr. Charles McLaren and Mr. Fritz Ridley. Roses, lily of the valley and heather, in combination with feathery ferns, were very tastefully arranged as a table centre-piece.

Besides a great many smaller and less imposing teas, which happened at the rate of two or three a day, two large events more in the nature of At Homes than of the ordinary "tea" came off during the week. Mrs. J. G. Foster, wife of the American Consul, on Wednesday invited a large number of married ladies to meet at the tea-hour. Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Frank Grierson, Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara and Mrs. Paul Weatherbee in turn did the honors of the tea-table, which was "a thing of beauty," laden with pale pink carnations and white narcissi, artistically intermingled with ferns. Miss Aurelia Hughson, Miss Dora Oliver and Miss Dorothy Cotton made admirable assistants, whose energies were taxed to the utmost in attending to the large throng of guests.

Mrs. James MacLennan was the hostess of the second large gathering which had for its specially hon-

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Come in and look over our various lines, all splendid for gift giving. Even at this last moment, when every section of our store is crowded to its limit, we will endeavor to do our best to help you make a careful selection.

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ored guest, Mrs. Ramsay Duff of Kingston, Mrs. MacLennan's sister, who wore a pretty gown of light grey silk. The hostess was handsomely attired in black point d'esprit and silk with touches of turquoise blue. Mrs. Lawrence Laube and Miss Lily Frazer poured the tea and coffee. Miss Edith Macpherson handed ices, and a quintette of bright young girls—Miss Mary Davies, Miss Elsie Cotton, Miss Constance Pale-Harris, Miss Clara Oliver and Miss Grace Fraser, moved with great dexterity among the large throng of guests, with offerings of dainty edibles. About two hundred ladies were present. All the decorations were carried out in pink, lots of lovely roses being used in the drawing-room, and carnations on the dining-room table, with pink-shaded candelabra at either end.

Lord and Lady Grey have kindly given their patronage, and have signified their intention of being present on the occasion. The chaperones will be Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber and Mrs. Robert Gill, and the proceeds will be divided among the three city hospitals.

Sir William Mulock, K.C.M.G., arrived in the Capital from Toronto on Saturday, and is the guest of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey at Government House.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, December 17, 1906.

Sir Ian Hamilton, whose name is being mentioned as the probable successor to Lord Kitchener in India, is, says M.A.P., without doubt the most unlucky man in the army, and his friends express surprise that he has not been killed in action at least half a dozen times. Years ago, during some small operations on the Indian

frontier, he practically lost the use of his left arm through the premature bursting of a shell. On another occasion a flying splinter of a shell hit him full in the face. He has also received countless other wounds; indeed, he has scarcely ever gone into action without getting injured. During the South African war Lord Roberts sent him to deal with the Orange Free Staters under the redoubtable De Wet in the summer of 1900. He fell from his horse, which turned suddenly restive, and broke his collar-bone just as he had got his plans perfected for the campaign. This accident meant that another leader had to be selected.

First Artist—Well, are you satisfied with the appreciation that marine view of yours has received?

Second Artist—Delighted. Two women just stopped in front of it and one said to the other, "It just makes me seasick to look at it."—Translated from Le Rire.

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BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FISHERIES DISPUTE

A PARLIAMENTARY white paper has been issued in London covering the correspondence between the Earl of Elgin, Secretary for the Colonies, and Sir William MacGregor, Governor of Newfoundland, respecting the Newfoundland fisheries. As Canadians are deeply interested in this question, a summary of the correspondence will be of value.

MacGregor on August 19 telephoned to Lord Elgin deprecating any provisional arrangement with the United States. Lord Elgin in reply pointed out that the proposed modus vivendi was not for the purpose of making new treaty arrangements, but simply for the purpose of ascertaining what the existing treaty arrangements were.

MacGregor on September 15 informed Lord Elgin that, with profound regret on his part, the British Government proposed as one of the terms of the modus vivendi the suspension of the Foreign Fishing Vessels Act of 1906. He considered such an arrangement an interference with the international affairs of the colony.

Lord Elgin, after saying that the Act referred to did not come within the category of the colony's international affairs, reminded MacGregor that it was not until the modus vivendi had been submitted to the United States that his Ministers evinced readiness to consider the proposal or make suggestions. Under the circumstances no blame could be imputed fairly to his Majesty's Government.

MacGregor replied that his Ministers could not be consenting parties to the modus vivendi. Lord Elgin on October 1 telephoned to MacGregor informing him of a private suggestion made by Ambassador Whitelaw Reid that Newfoundland suspend during the fishing season its prohibition against the engagement of crews in territorial waters by Americans, in return for which concession American vessels would cease using purse seines after October 1. MacGregor replied that Newfoundland was unable to accept the proposed arrangement.

On October 6 Lord Elgin informed Gov. MacGregor that the modus vivendi with the United States had been concluded.

A Confession.
I've been down to the city, an' I've seen the 'lectric lights,
The twenty-story buildin's an' the other stunnin' sights;
I've seen the trolley cars a-rushin' madly down the street,
An' all the place a-lookin' like a fairy-land complete.
But I'd rather see the big trees that's a-growing up to home,
An' watch the stars a-twinklin' in the blue an' lofty dome;
An' I'd rather hear the wind that goes a-singin' past the door
Than the traffic of the city, with its bustle an' its roar.

I reckon I'm peculiar, an' my tastes is kind o' low,
But what's use denyin' things that certainly is so?
I went up to the concert, an' I heard the music there,
It sounded like angelic harps a-floatin' through the air.
Yet, spite of all its glory, an' the gladness an' acclaim,
If I stopped to think a minute, I was homesick jus' the same;
An' I couldn't help confessin', though it seems a curious thing,
That I'd rather hear a robin sweetly pipin' in the spring.

Western Activity in Coal.

THE present year has seen a remarkable development in the coal properties of Eastern British Columbia, and Western Alberta. Amongst the most notable, says The Week of Victoria and Vancouver, is the opening up of the Hill Crest Mine near Frank, the purchase of the property of the Alberta Coal Company and of the Lundbreck Coal mine, and their amalgamation with the interests represented by Mr. A. C. Flummerfelt. More recently, the immense holdings of the Elk River Coal Company on Fording River, eighty miles north of Fernie, have been sold to an Eastern syndicate through the agency of Mr. W. R. Ross, M.P. The Imperial Coal Company, whose areas also lie on the North Elk, have done a good season's work under the superintendence of Mr. W. R. Wilson, at one time general manager of the Crow's Nest Coal Company. Last, but by no means least, the C.P.R., under the energetic management of Mr. J. Brown, one of the most practical men in the West, are rapidly developing their properties at Hosmer. Further afield, Frank B. Smith, at one time mine manager for the Crow's Nest Company and for the last five years Inspector of Mines in the Northwest Territories, has resigned his position



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Jan. 11, Friday "EMPERSE OF BRITAIN"
Jan. 19th, Saturday LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Feb. 2nd, Saturday LAKE ERIE

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Dec. 19, Wed. "Mount Temple" carrying 2nd and 3rd only, \$40 and \$26.50.
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to undertake the opening up of coal mines at Edmonton. Perhaps the most extensive development of all is at the Bankhead mine of the C.P.R., where Mr. Louis Stockett, who was for twenty years a mine manager under J. J. Hill in Montana and Washington, is rapidly establishing one of the largest and most up-to-date mining districts in the West. Most of these properties are still in the earliest stages of development, yet in 1906 they will produce 2,000,000 tons of coal. Within three years, however, they will have a combined capacity of 5,000,000 tons, by which time all fear of a coal famine in Manitoba and the Territories will be at an end.

Eight years ago in all this vast territory there were only two shipping mines, one at Lethbridge and another at Canmore, with a total output of

about 400,000 tons. Nothing would better illustrate the almost fabulous growth of the West than these figures.

A new golf story is chronicled. It was a twosome. The player who drove off first was bow-legged. The second, in driving off, did not notice that his opponent had got in front of him, and the ball ran between the opponent's legs.

Turning around in anger, the bow-legged one said, "Here, mun, that's no golf!"

"Well," said the other, "if it's no golf, 'tis gude croquet!"—Harper's Weekly.

Herbert, a bachelor friend of the Smiths, was permitted to inspect the three-months-old baby that had

a few straggling locks of hair.

"Isn't he the perfect image of his father, though! He is so precocious too; why, he is nearly as bald as his father already," was the embarrassed comment he made.—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Cabot (to visitor)—Allow me to introduce my professor of music. He plays wonderfully.

"Delighted. And does your husband play too?"

"Oh, yes. He plays the races."—Translated from L'Indiscret.

Five girls in a fashionable boarding-school have formed a society to protest earnestly against the new spelling. They sign themselves Alysse, Mayme, Grayce, Kathryne and Carreye.—Smart Set.